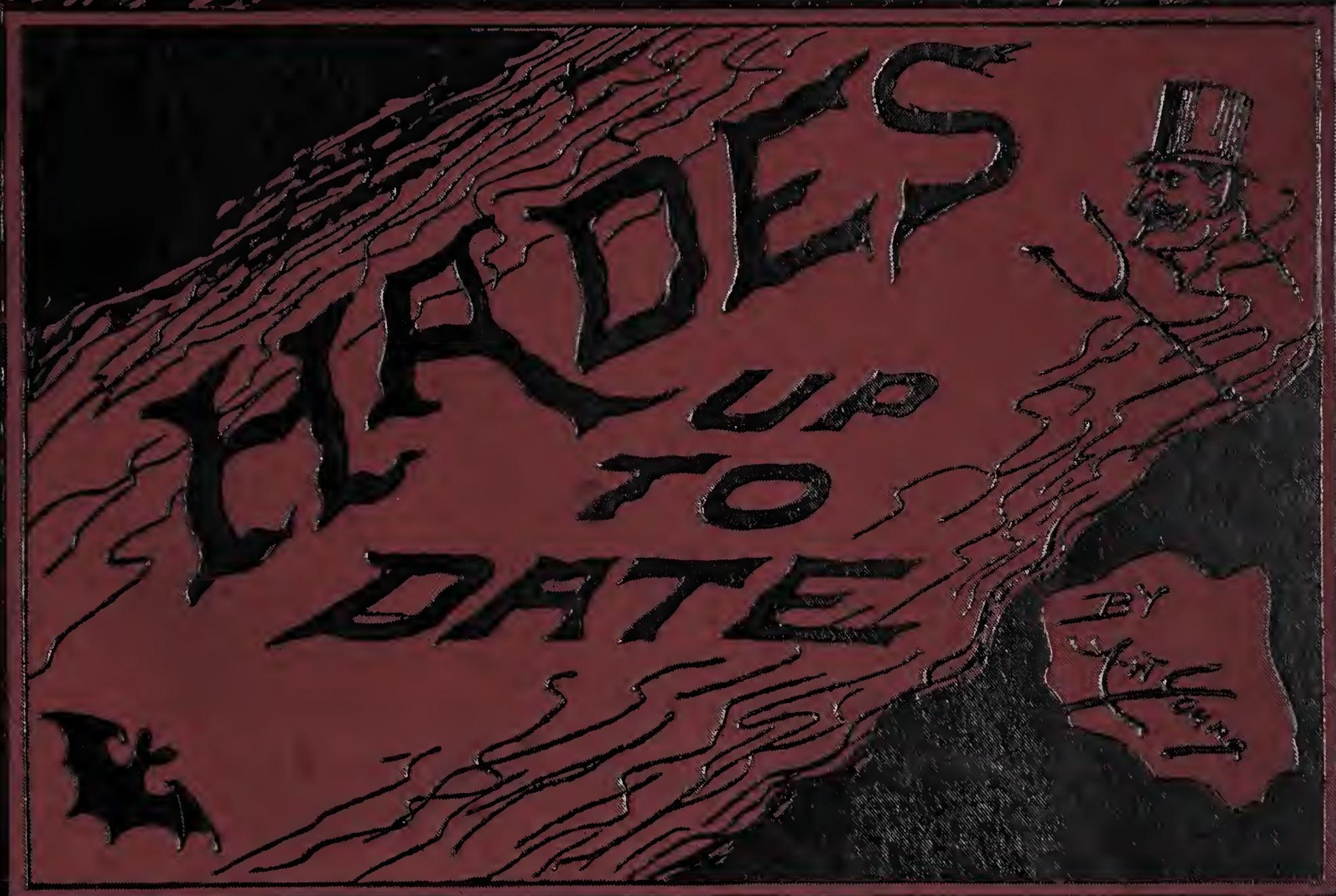
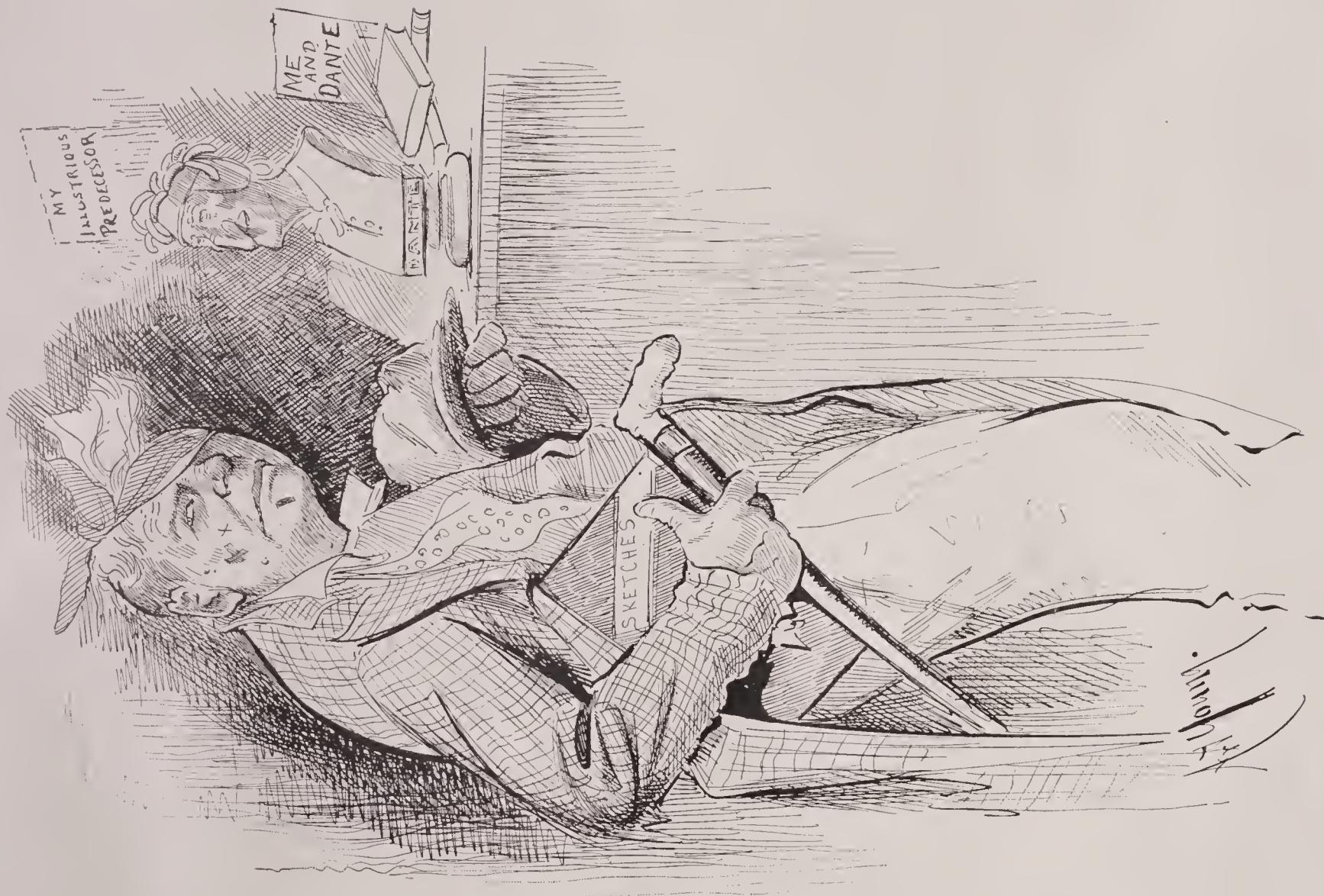


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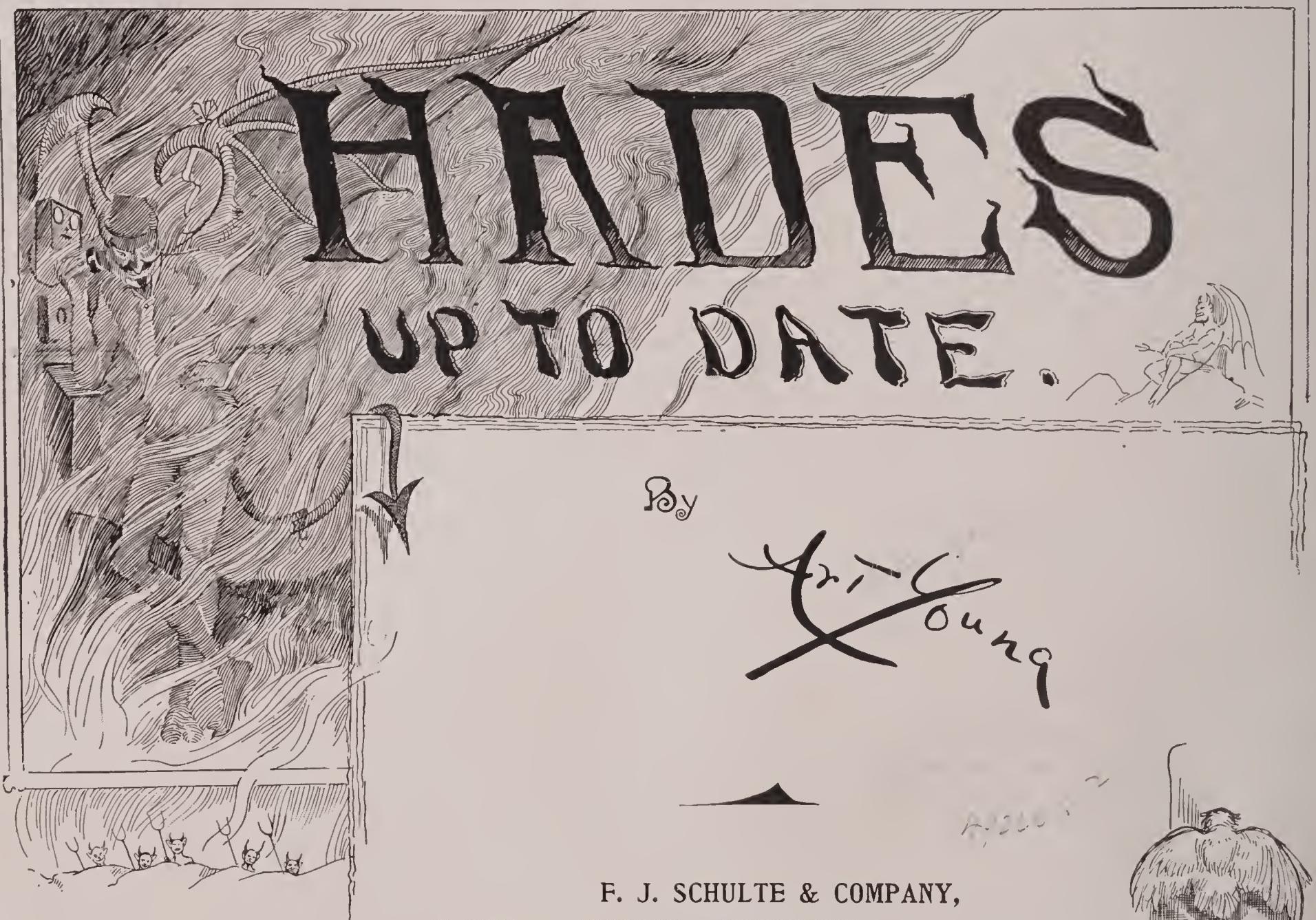






PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

The only fellow who has had the nerve to explore the Infernal Regions since the time of Dante.



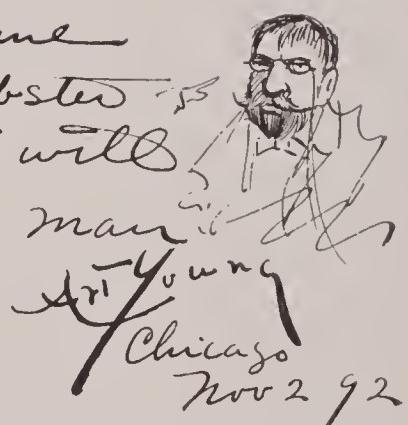
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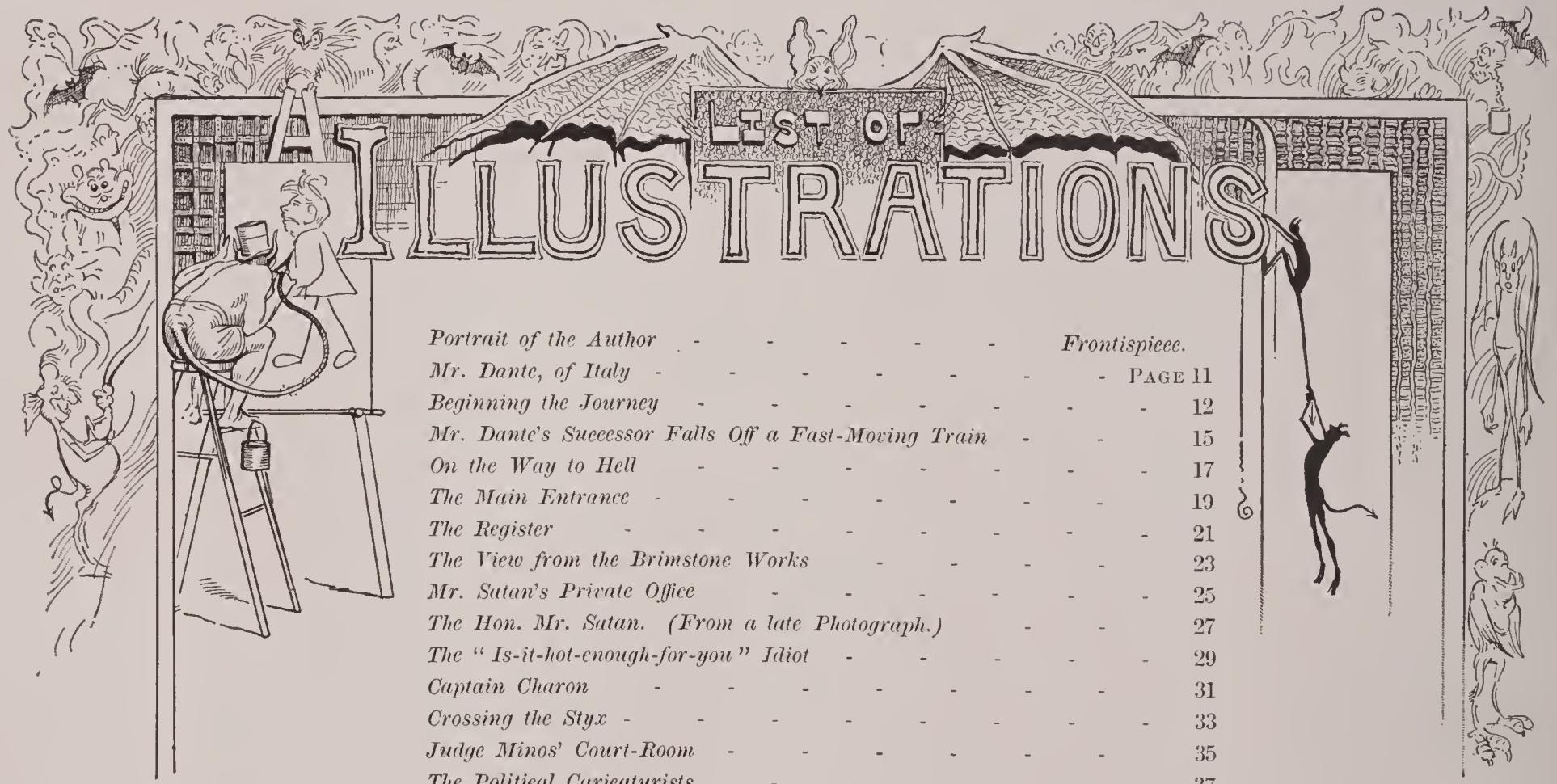
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Francis J. Schulte

I dedicate this volume
to my friend C. A. Webster ^{as}
in the hope that it will
make him a better man



Art Young
Chicago
Nov 2 92



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A WORD ABOUT MR. DANTE, OF ITALY.

MR. DANTE, of Florence, Italy, was the first man to make a really thorough exploration of Hell. That was several hundred years ago. Even now there are to be seen down there the famous gentleman's foot-prints. I was also shown a petrified cheese-sandwich which is thought to have dropped out of his lunch-bag.

Dante had a guide, one Virgil, who had a reputation in those days of being a pretty good all-around poet, though it is evident he didn't amount to much as a guide. The tourist from Florence was unfortunate in having no less than seventeen fits on this memorable occasion. The hardships he endured were fearful to contemplate, but his book, "The Inferno," more than compensated for all. It had a pretty good sale, and for two years after its publication he had three meals a day and an extra suit of clothes for Sunday wear. It must be understood that I would not snatch the laurels from the brow of the illustrious Dante—he explored Hell first; I come after. Mine was an easier job, though not without a good deal of hard work. I surely would not do it again.

The accompanying picture of Mr. Dante is made from an old bas-relief found in Florence. It is supposed to have been made just after he had arrived in that city from his memorable trip through Hades. The story goes that he was taken out by the boys on the day of his return, and filled full of macaroni and rare old wine; then they got a Kodak fiend to shoot at him, and the bas-relief was made from the Kodak picture.



MR. DANTE, OF ITALY.





HADES UP TO DATE.

NOT so very long ago I was assigned by the managing editor of a New York paper to "write up" an illustrated article upon the city of Chicago. It was at the time when there was an obvious yearning on the part of the public for articles relating to "the typical American city."

I was told to note particularly its modern improvements, the cable lines, the high buildings, its system of electric intercourse between man and man, the character of its people, and their business enterprise. Above all, I was to treat them with absolute fairness.

At about 8 o'clock on the evening of the second day of my journey from the metropolis, I went to the dining-car and ate a hearty meal—a meal of the kind that incites a weak-kneed stomach to rise and mutiny. Coming back, I sat down and began reading a favorite book which I had brought to while away the

time. The book was Dante's "Inferno." Often I had scanned its artful illustrations by Doré, but never had I read the verse. I now read canto after canto of the Florentine poet's yarns about the condemned souls. After the story of Paola and Francesca, interest no longer held me, and I closed the book, leaned back and began to muse over all that I had read. Then I thought of my assignment, how I would treat the subject, and what I would sketch. What with thoughts of modern buildings, of cable roads, of arch-heretics in their fiery tombs, of slot-machines and gibbering ghosts, of pig-sticking machines and headless spirits, of electric lights and Adam's evil brood gulping the blood of Styx, my mind was truly in a muddled state. Easily these thoughts mingled and wove themselves, as I drowsily cast all else from me and gave myself over to the mercies of a nightmare dream.

Methought—

HADES UP TO DATE

I was taken off my guard as the train came to a curve in the track and suddenly found myself lying prone by the road-side. On either side there stretched a trackless forest, a screaming wilderness, a wild desolation. Overhead a ghostly night wind ploughed through the tree-tops and wailed and sobbed like a lost spirit. Amidst a whizzing of unseen bats and the hoots of melancholy owls, I arose, and, combing the gravel out of my raven locks, set forth in a south-easterly direction. Through briars and bushes, over prickly plants and vines that laced together like a tangled knot of serpents, down deep chasms and black ravines, I stumbled toward The Unseen. When my emotion had abated a little I found myself alone in the heart of a forest whose trees were so thickly crowded together that the air was dense and hard to breathe.





MR. DANTE'S SUCCESSOR FALLS OFF A FAST-MOVING TRAIN.

On the Way to Hell.

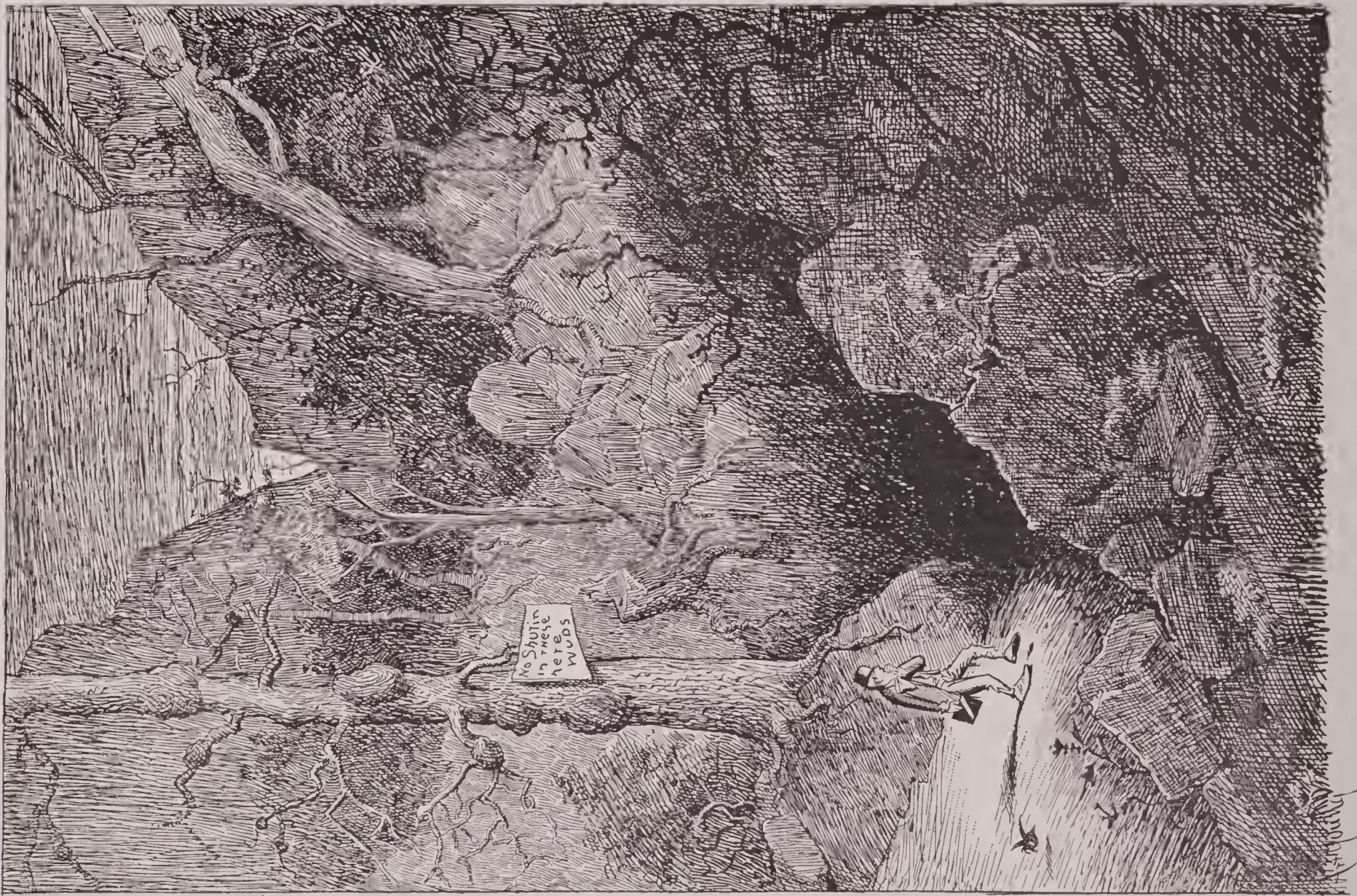
Down through the thick, curdling gloom I wandered, clambering over rocks slimy with the fungi of ages, till I came to a projecting precipice, from which I peered and discerned a dim light through the steam and smoke that arose sluggishly from below.

Presently I heard voices. As I crawled down lower they grew quite audible. "Show yer tickets!" "There! Stop crowdin'!" "Git off the platform!" and other exclamations came to my ears. "What can all this mean?" thought I to myself. "Am I dreaming? Can this be Hell, or is it only Chicago? Hell! Think of it. I'll interview Mr. Satan. What a scoop!" And I nearly lost my grip on the rock at the thought of such an opportunity. "Ice, seventy-five cents a chunk!" "Fans, very cheap!" Everybody talking at once. What pandemonium!

This must be Hell, and the soliloquy was verified when, in a few more minutes, I stood before the entrance. There was no mistake; over the portal's lofty arch were written those terrible words:

"LEAVE ALL HOPE ON THE OUTSIDE."





ON THE WAY TO HELL.

The Main Entrance.

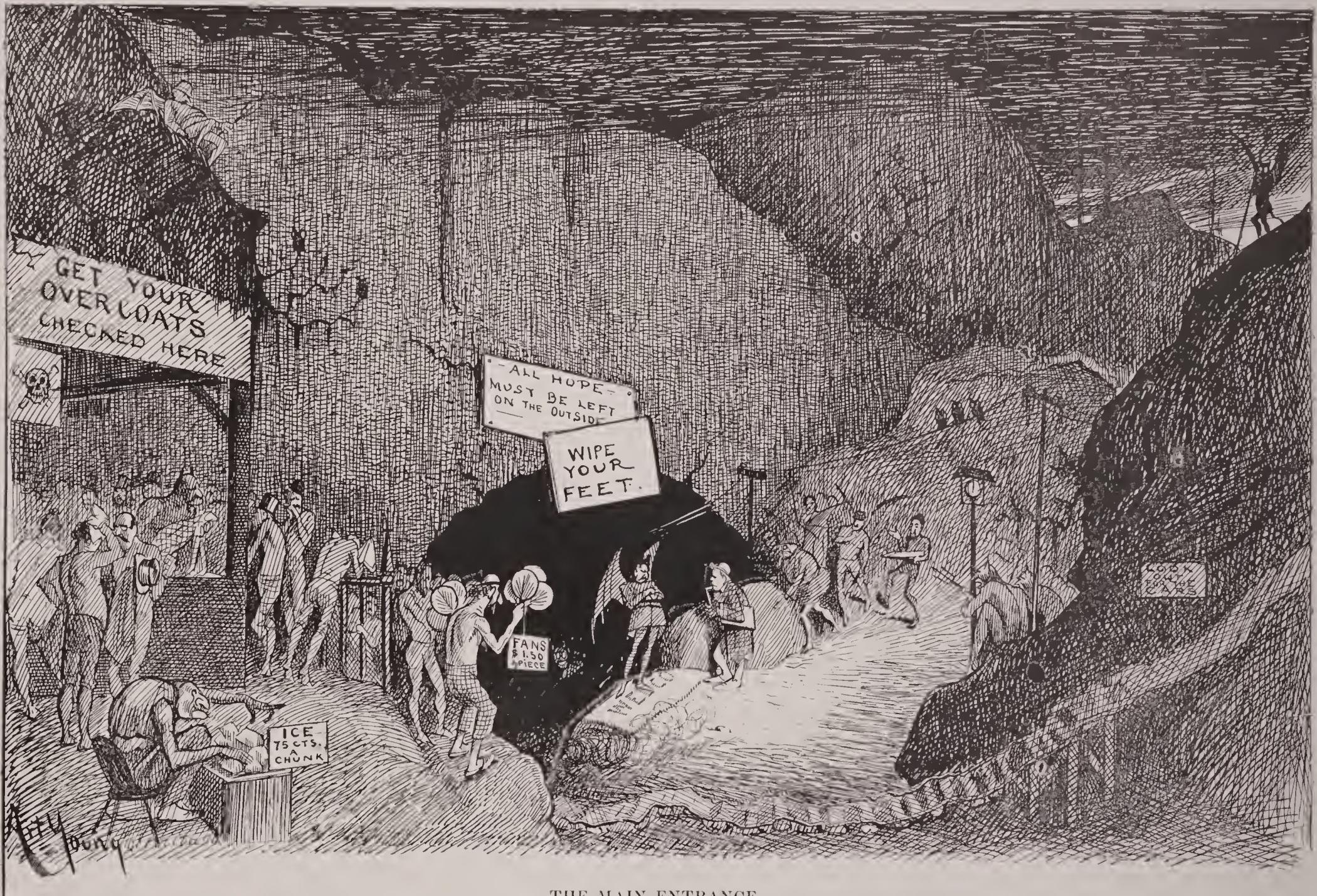
This picture will give a good idea of the main entrance as it appears at most any hour of the day or night.



Trains arrive every half hour from all points in the Union, and stop just long enough for the doomed souls to have their heavy clothes checked and get fitted out with light, fire-proof pantalets.

I had a hot argument with the janitor, who insisted that I could not go in. It was not until I told him that I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Satan from Col. Bob Ingersoll that he acquiesced. Then, after exchanging my rather heavy clothes for a checkered ulster, a pair of linen trousers (which, as will be seen by the picture, were made for another who grew shorter than I) and a palm-leaf fan, I screwed my courage to the sticking-point and passed into the city of woe.





THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

Where the Sinners Register.

On passing through the outer corridor or cavern, a low mutter, as of thunder, which grew louder and louder as I advanced, shook the region. A train-load of souls came screaming through the gloom. I stepped aside and let them pass. I always do when I hear a train coming. They crossed a new cantilever suspension bridge and came to a stop. The passengers piled out and were driven around to the place of registry, where they wrote their names and addresses in a large book.

This book is very interesting. It contains the autograph of every sin-soaked mortal that ever died.

Down in the corner, where tear-drops had stained the leaves a deep yellow, I recognized the familiar autograph of an old sinner and neighbor of mine who used to put ashes on his sidewalk where I wanted to skate. I tried to feel regretful for him, but I couldn't.





"THE REGISTER."

A View of One Corner.

At Mr. Satan's suggestion, I went to the top of his brimstone works and made the accompanying sketch, which gives a sort of bird's-eye view of one corner of Hell. There is but one elevator-shaft visible in this picture. The reader will gather some idea of the magnitude of the place when I make the assertion that there are at least one thousand of these elevators running constantly.

Thanks to the true American spirit which pervades everywhere, a weather forecast for each week is posted up in full view of these wretched people, that they may be prepared for sudden changes in the temperature. "I guess it'll get a little cooler before long," I would hear them say, as they stood around the bulletin board with hopeful eyes and bark-peeled noses. But the cooler days never came. Like the patient dry-goods clerk waiting from day to day for a raise in salary, the poor fools get nothing but hope.

* * *

An Interview with Mr. Satan.

My first object was to see Mr. Satan, have a nice interview with him and, if possible, get a few hints on the whereabouts of the most interesting sights in his world-famed hot-bed of human woe. After asking several hired men, with pitch-forks, where I could find "the old man" (as they call him), and receiving no response, save rude jeers and stabs in the ribs, I concluded to hunt him myself.

Following the direction of a sign-board which pointed toward a long, steep ascent of rugged rock, I soon found myself before an arched doorway where swung to the hot breeze the inscription: "MR. SATAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE." I walked in.

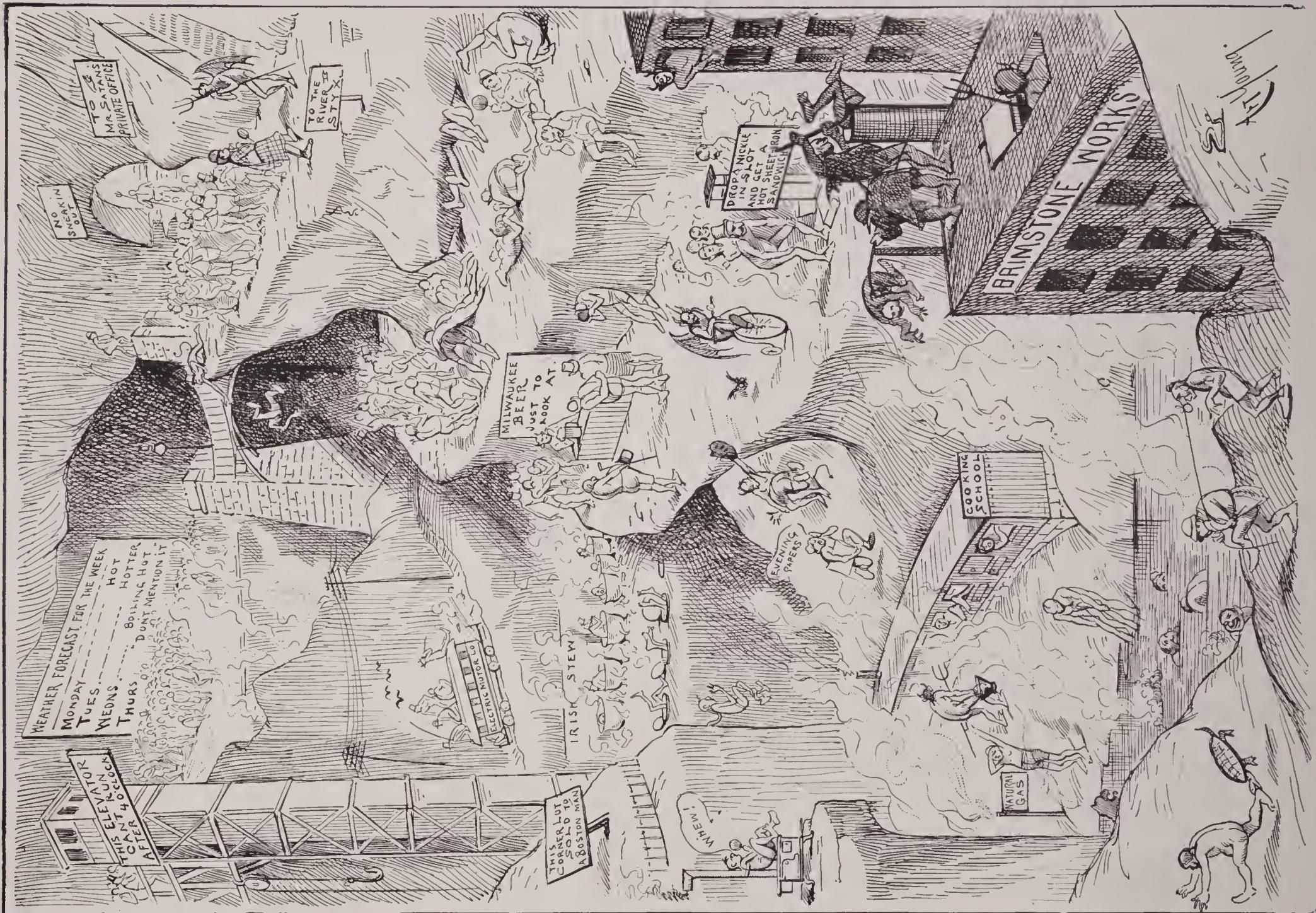
"Howdy, old boy?" said I, in my engaging, off-hand way.

He turned slowly in his chair, like a bank president who expects to be bored by a book agent. Then his eyes fell on me for an interval, and he looked me all over. He spoke out rather gruffly, I thought, with: "Well, what is it?"

"Your Majesty," said I, walking up near to him, "my name is Young. I've just come down to look your place over. If everything is satisfactory, I may settle here some time in the sweet by-and-by. You see, it's this way," I continued, shifting my position, and coaxing up a serious expression: "There seems to be a wrong impression on earth as to just how your place is run. Since Mr. Dante wrote up Hell in the city papers of Italy, it has been in very bad repute; people are not aware that you keep astride with the onward march of civilization—that your place is run on the American plan. I am not a little surprised, myself, to see things as they are. Now, if you will consent to a short interview, I can give you three columns, with illustrations, in one of the best papers of the United States, together with a full-length portrait of yourself, and such facts as will correct certain erroneous reports current in the world concerning your personality."

"Find a lump of ice and sit down," said he. "I'll attend to your case in a minute." Then he turned away to answer a telephone call.

From the back window of his office I gazed down on a magnificent sweeping view of Hell in all its fury. Thousands of telegraph wires and pneumatic tubes diverged from this central office to all points in the region. The merry tinkle of the typewriter could be heard in an adjoining room. Just opposite, on a hill, stood the great sulphur works, employing two thousand non-union demons. As soon as he had discontinued the telephone conversation, which,



THE VIEW FROM THE BRIMSTONE WORKS.

HADES UP TO DATE

as well as I could make out, was held with a woman in the female department who wanted to know if she couldn't have a looking-glass to do up her bangs, he turned his attention to me. I give the whole of my interview with this great man, using as much as possible his own words.

"Mr. Satan," said I, in a tremulous voice, for I knew the man's mighty power, "do you never worry over the thought that, some time, those old New York capitalists may band together when they get here, grab up all your successful enterprises, form a trust and crowd you to the wall? It strikes me they could put in refrigerators, fire escapes, rotary fans, hand grenades, etc., and make themselves pretty comfortable if they had control."

"Now, young man," said Mr. Satan, "come here to me!" And, grabbing me by the neck-tie, he pulled me close to his desk, and took down the telephone. "Give me four-naught-six," he cried. A moment elapsed and I heard a voice that suggested a boiled wind-pipe creep through the 'phone.

"What you want?" said the voice.

"Is this the department of monopolists?" queried Mr. Satan.

"Yes, sir," replied the voice.

"Now, young man," said Mr. Satan, turning to me, "put your ear close to this telephone." I obeyed. "Hear that sizzling and sputtering, like the noise of frying liver?" he asked.

"Well, I should say so!"

"Hear the groans?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Well, those are the capitalists who have come down here with the intention of running things. We call that the Armour fat-frying emporium." And Mr. Satan drew himself down in his coat collar and chuckled.

"Pretty hot down here," said I, running my handkerchief around between my neck and collar.

"We don't have much skating weather, that's true," he replied.

"I suppose," I continued, "you run across lots of cranks—fellows with ideas for improving Hell?"

"Lots of 'em. Some of the ideas I utilize; others I reject."

"But Hell owes her prosperous appearance and her modern conveniences to these very cranks?"

"Of course, improvements in the mode of punishment are frequently offered—usually by individuals in whose bosoms the spirit of jealousy is still rankling; but that makes no difference to us. For instance, it was a St. Louis man who came to me a short time ago with a splendid receipt for cooking the tough old gray-headed roosters who came here from Chicago. We are now using the receipt, and it works like a charm. We can cook the toughest Chicagoan they can send in ten days, although formerly it took nearly that many years. The St. Louis man wears a medal on his breast. The other day, a crank who hailed from somewhere down near Worcester, Massachusetts, came to me with an idea for a non-combustible thermometer, but it didn't work. We find elevators a great help to us in getting up and down in a hurry. When that old dago from Italy was down here, we did not have any kind of facilities for getting around. And, of course, when he went back and wrote us up, he didn't give the place a very good send-off. But I got even with him." And Mr. Satan gritted his teeth till the sparks flew.

"I see you have an electric railway down here," said I, looking out of the window.

"Sure," said his royal highness. "And look at our slot machines. When the dago was down here we didn't have a one. If you can



MR. SATAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

HADES UP TO DATE

sit on a cushion of sharp tacks you can ride on those electric ears all over Hell. And yet," he continued, with a sudden melancholy, "and yet some people are dissatisfied."

"Mr. Satan," said I (meantime keeping one eye on Cerberus, the three-headed bull-dog, who sat wrinkling up his three noses in a way that made me ill at ease), "you certainly must keep up a lively interest in what is going on in Heaven. Have you telephone connections?"

"Yes, sir; we have a through line right to the gate."

"Then you are on terms of intimacy with St. Peter?"

"Well, no—not exactly. You see, I would much prefer having one of my own men run that end of the line. But St. Peter stands in. He's been taking in tickets at the gate ever since it was opened, and I must say the old man has become a little careless. I've heard of several cases where some of those sleek Denver people have sneaked in under the clouds while the old man was polishing his spectacles. Now, anybody can see that he's no fit man for the job. However, he often sends me some splendid specimens of sinners. Only yesterday he telephoned down to know if I would take a Boston woman who had just arrived and was dissatisfied with the place—homesick, you know. Not long ago he sent me down seven large, disgruntled Milwaukee men, who said they wouldn't stay in a place where there was no beer. These favors I appreciate, but it stands to reason that a man like St. Peter, old and gouty, with rheumatism in his wrists and corns on his feet, should be fired; still, I shouldn't like to have this opinion get into the papers."

"They say on earth, Mr. Satan, that people who come down here from Memphis, Tennessee, always telegraph back for their winter clothes?"

"Yes, that's true," he replied, "but we put a stop to it. You see, we're not showing favors to anybody."

"Have you any such thing as a guide-book?" I asked.

Mr. Satan here lifted a neat volume from his desk, remarking: "Here is a little book I had printed for my employés. You will find it a great help to you in getting around. It contains a map of Hell, with all the different departments located. But you had better see Captain Charon, the pilot. He can give you some valuable information."

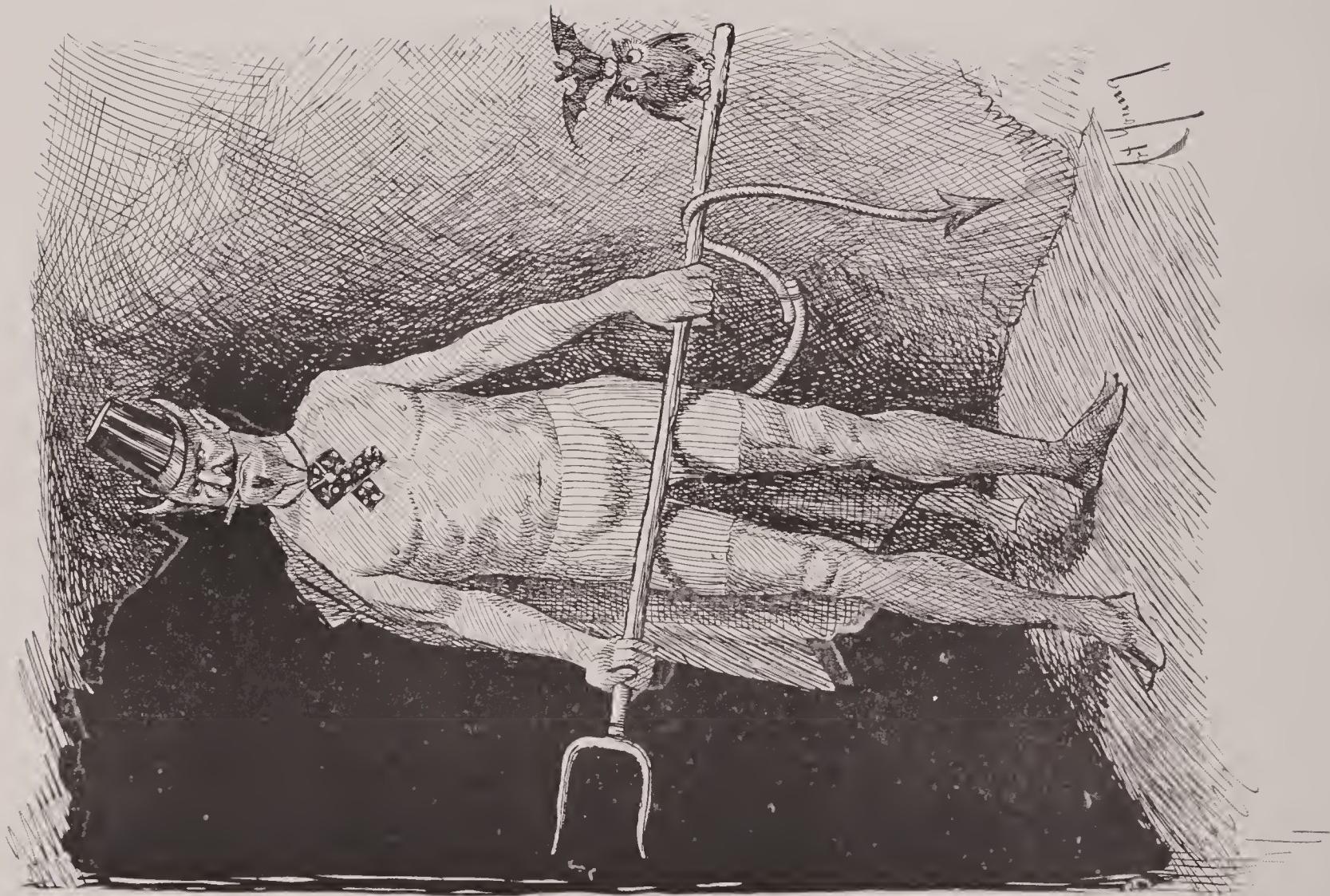
"Thank you," said I, putting on my hat. After asking me about several of his friends in the United States Senate and the Wisconsin State Legislature, and expressing his earnest regrets that they didn't die faster, he arose, and I understood that the interview was at an end.

"Much obliged, Mr. Satan," I said. "Good day."

"So long," said his majesty.

I took a good look at him as he stood there in all his majestic splendor. Mr. Satan is above medium height and is not at all a bad-looking man. To be sure, he has a eleven foot, horns, a long tail and a dark complexion. But, as some one else has remarked, "he is not nearly as black as sometimes painted." His tail, which, as I subsequently learned, was broken off in a tussle with a Chicago policeman, had been spliced, and is now as good as new. He wears a plug hat, buttons his coat on the wrong side, and smokes cigarettes.

Before I had gone out of hearing, he called me back and kindly gave me a note to Captain Charon, the assistant superintendent, telling him to submit to a biographical interview, and to see that I had every accommodation. The note also said that if we advertised the place so as to induce additional custom, the Captain was to extend favors to our people; if not, we had better try to get into the other place. And again Mr. Satan bade me adieu.



THE HON. MR. SATAN. (From a late photograph.)

"Is it Hot Enough for You?"

The fishing is not good in Hell. Consequently Mr. Satan never goes fishing. At times, however, he feels the need of a little recreation, and then he escapes the grinding cares and worry of business very agreeably. Leaving the office in the care of an understudy, he selects a long-handled frying-pan from the warehouse and takes a brisk walk of three miles to the lake of fire. A large crate filled to the brim with men who have asked their weltering fellows the question, "Is it hot enough for you?" stands by this lake for Mr. Satan's private use. Mr. Satan opens the crate, removes an idiot, puts him in the pan and toasts him over the fire, basting him meantime with tabasco sauce and vitriol. Occasionally a demon appears upon the scene and asks with great solicitude if it is hot enough for him.

The intensely poetic justice of this proceeding is at once apparent.



THE "IS IT-HOT-ENOUGH-FOR-YOU" IDIOT.

The Interview with Captain Charon.

As a shining example of the kind of men who combine personal magnetism and keen business qualities with deep, untiring zeal, I would cite old Captain Charon, who began his career as ferryman with a little tub of a row-boat, hardly large enough to hold an alderman, but who now runs a large side-wheeler, double-decked, and fitted out with all modern improvements. The Captain is full of reminiscences, and withal is one of the most interesting of the personages who lend their beauty to the adornment of this subterranean city. Standing seven feet ten in his stocking feet, with large, mobile features, and a yard or more of wind-kissed whiskers, a mouth as firm as a steel-trap, and a voice loud and deep,—something of the G flat bazoo quality,—he certainly is a man to move the masses, and he *does* move them—by the boat-load.

The accompanying picture of this great man is reproduced from a late photograph taken as he appears in every-day attire, without any neck-tie.

I met the Captain at the boat-landing, as his craft was taking on a load of passengers.

"Mr. Charon, I believe," said I, walking up after he had finished giving orders to a deck-hand.

"That's my name," he roared. Methought I had never heard such a voice before.

"Well," I murmured, modestly, "Mr. Satan said I had better have a talk with you. Now will you tell me, Captain, how long you have been pilot down here?"

He paused a minute and answered, "Ever since dey had de free-beer opening—about the year one, I reckon."

"Then you've piloted a great many people across this river?"

"Yer dead right."

"Don't you find them hard to manage sometimes?"

"Well, yer see it's dis way: if dey don't like our style dey gits out and swims; see? De blokes from Minneapolis won't ride wid de St. Paul fellers, so dey knows what dey can do." Then he rambled on in his coarse way, and told me how they found it necessary to put sinners from Yankton, Cheyenne, Leadville, Laramie City and Walla Walla down in the steerage, where they could spit on the floor and swear with impunity.

There is every evidence that the Captain is sick of his job. The plow of care has made deep furrows in his weather-beaten brow. When he walks he seems to have that wobbly, tired feeling, and as he stepped toward the gang-plank preparatory to ascending, it was plain to me that life had but few charms for him.

"Captain," said I, "I don't want to detain you, but will you tell me what slow-moving, bewhiskered crowd that is, coming down this way?" He leveled his telescope in the direction of the throng. "Dem's St. Louis fellers," he said. "We've had tree boat-loads of nothin' but St. Louis people in de las' week."

The Captain has a standing reputation in Hell as the keenest observer of any of Satan's trusted employés. It is said no one has ever yet walked the gang-plank of his boat whose earthly home was not known by his personal appearance, though many of the new immigrants refused to disclose their identity.

I gathered from one of the pier policemen, who is also quite an adept, a few hints as to how the Captain identifies people so easily.



CAPTAIN CHARON.

HADES UP TO DATE

The Boston man will toe-in and roll his spectacled eyes like a calf that has swallowed a whole summer squash.

Brooklyn men wear side-whiskers and walk with their arms outstretched, as if in the act of wheeling spectral baby-carriages.

Those from Vermont, and, more particularly, those from Rutland of that State, invariably give themselves away by saying, "This is turrible, this is turrible," with an accent on the "tur" and a deep nasal twang.

New York City folks walk with their noses in the air and a know-it-all manner.

Men from Portland, Oregon, keep their boots on and swear fervently all the time.

Roehester men have a henpecked look, and seem apathetic. Apparently they don't care much whether they are in Hell or back home.

Chattanooga men have to be shaken up and prodded every minute, or they fall asleep.

A man from Texas will keep his hand behind him, as if to draw a pistol.

Washington men walk around with an anxious look, and ask everybody if all the soft jobs of the place have been spoken for.

And thus the life's habit of each individual breaks out in some way and plainly stamps his identity.

Crossing the River Styx.

The Styx is the only navigable river in Hell. Like the fragrancee of the famed Chieago River, the subtle "Jockey Club" comes rolling swiftly in on the breeze to meet you, long before you think you are anywhere near the river itself. Captain Charon's boat, the "Birdie," makes the run from shore to shore in just fifteen minutes. It earries three hundred souls, provided they will let their feet hang over, and put up with cramped accommodations. On board is an orchestra of two pieces—a brass horn and a back-number accordion. No torture in Hell is quite so poignant as that provided by this band when it gets fairly in motion. The players have only one selection,—"Annie Rooney,"—and the eries of the damned, while this is being played, are heart-rending. It is, nevertheless, a grand sight to watch the "Birdie" as she sails out from the pier, the band playing, and the grand old Captain standing on the roof of the pilot-house, with nothing on but a seersueker eoot and a pair of gaiters, as he scans the bosom of the deep. He is much annoyed when peddlers come wading out to meet the boat with "ehob lot" suspenders and collar-buttons.



CROSSING THE STYX.

HADES UP TO DATE

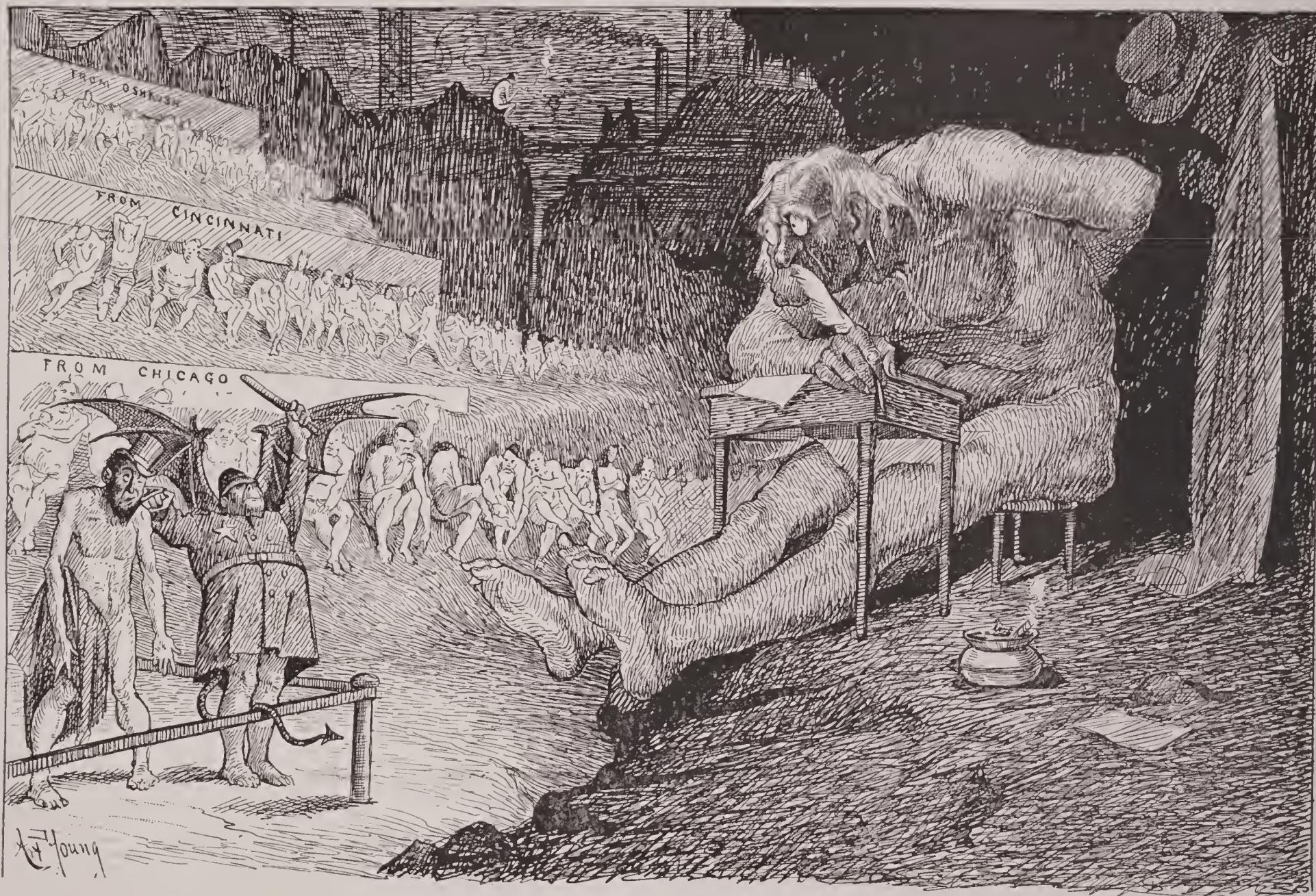
Where the Sinners Come to Judgment.

This is the tragic scene where Judge Minos reigns supreme. Here each sinner is brought before the bar, to answer for his earthly crimes. Far up the mountain side, arranged directly in front of the Judge, in rows of hundreds, and extending as far as the human eye could reach, was the vast army of naked souls awaiting their turn to be judged. Below was a row from Chicago; next, a row from Cincinnati; another row was reserved for people from Oshkosh; another, for those from Kalamazoo. Still others surmounted these, extending upward, tier on tier, till the murk of the fog-cloud kissed the bald heads of a row from the little city of Ephratah, Pennsylvania. When the ill-fated soul stands before this supreme court, he confesses all—aye, everything—and the Judge, who knows his business, considers what place in Hell suits the transgression. A small, weak-kneed sinner, with a pink nose, was on trial as I approached. "Well, what have you to say?" asked the Judge, in a loud tone of voice.

"Yer Honor," said the poor wretch, "I'll be honest with you. I was, while on earth, always going out between the acts at the theater, and"—

"Enough said," growled the Judge. "Officer, take this man to the brink of the precipice, and hurl him plumb to the basement." . . . Shortly afterward, I heard a crash. I knew that one more soul had struck the frying-pan of eternal doom.

NOTE: Judge Minos is well spoken of in Mr. Dante's book on "Hell." I did not interview the gentleman, but it is evident that he is one of the hardest-worked men in the place. The Judge's decisions, as a rule, seem fair enough, yet it is sometimes remarked that he is a little too lenient with rich old monopolists. The suspicion is gaining ground that if His Honor is approached in the right way he may be touched with a little boodle.



JUDGE MINOS' COURT-ROOM.

HADES UP TO DATE



The Political Caricaturist.

Just across the bridge of the Lethe, there lies a small territory where may be found the wretched souls of the political caricaturists.

On first sight, I was attracted by the novelty of the huge easels at which demons were drawing pictures.

The souls themselves I found, on approaching closer, to be strangely distorted, and so grotesque and ludicrous that, if pity had not swayed me, laughter would have shaken my sides, doubled me up and rolled me on the floor.

Looking down what looked like a long hallway, I saw caricatures in variegated colors hanging before these individuals.

Then only, I learned the piteous truth. The demon cartoonist first makes a caricature of his victim; then the victim is pulled and twisted, rolled and kneaded, until he resembles in every way the demon's fanciful conception.

Through all time thereafter he looks at his own picture.





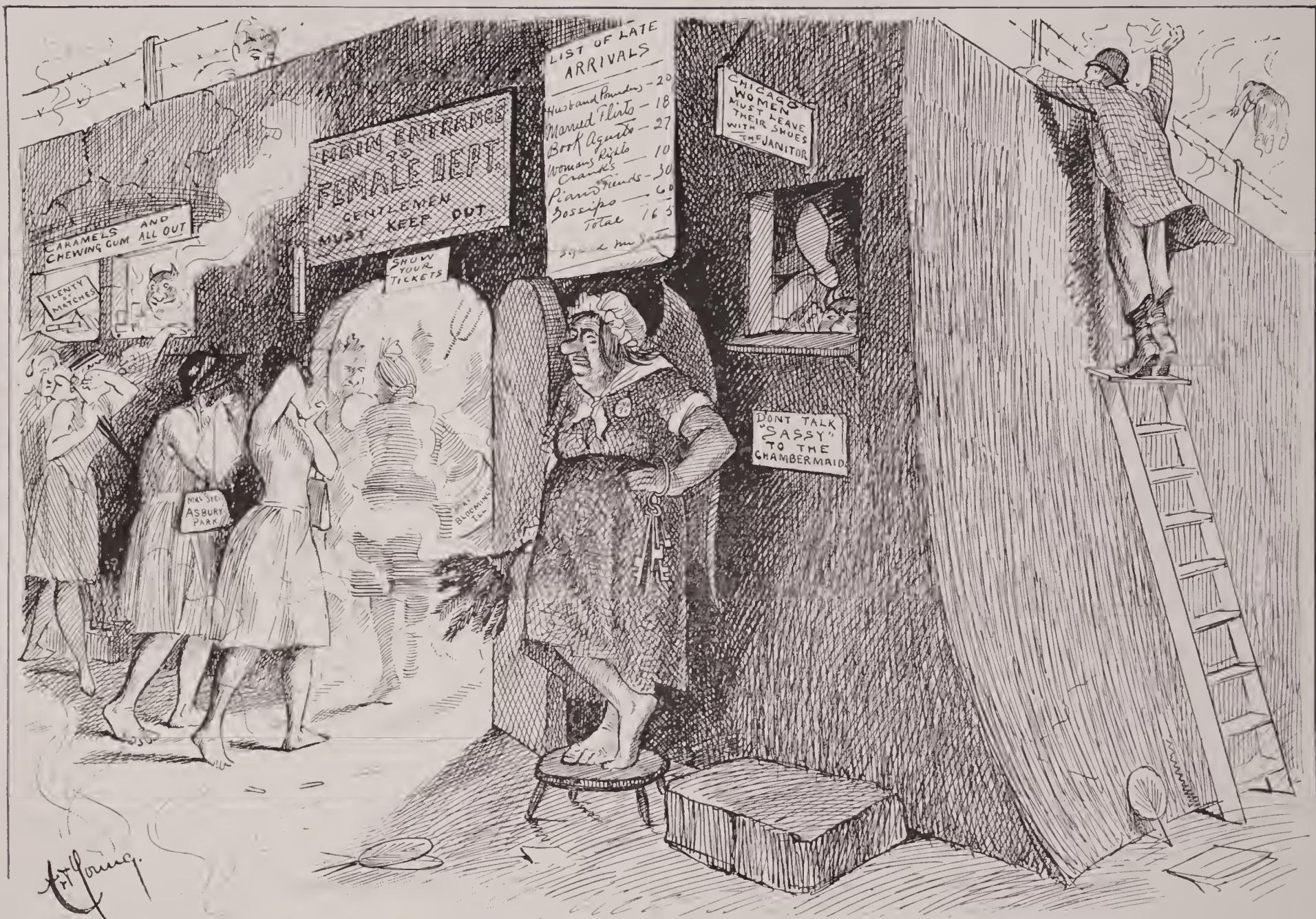
THE POLITICAL CARICATURISTS.

The Female Department.

Coming to a spot where the plain of "Pokerdom" ends abruptly and descends in an almost perpendicular steep, thousands of voices arose from below; they were female voices. I looked over and discerned, through the dim light, the battlements surrounding what I afterward learned was the department for the punishment of women. "Women who step off the street-cars backwards;" "Women who lavish their affections on poodle dogs;" "Hired girls;" "Telephone girls;" "The woman who pounds her husband with a broom when she should take an ax"—these, all these, live in Hades and suffer.

Passing my solitary way down the steep, with both hands and feet doing active service, I drew near to the entrance, where the rabble of voices now sounded like several sewing societies in joint caucus. I saw a notice over the door, to the effect that gentlemen were not wanted. I made an effort to sneak in, notwithstanding, but was detected by a coy chambermaid, who guards the entrance, and who whisked me out with a suddenness that it makes me dizzy to think of, even now. Not entirely disheartened, I wandered around the wall and, while no one was looking, climbed up a step-ladder and carried on a little quiet flirtation with a fair-haired sinner over the wall.



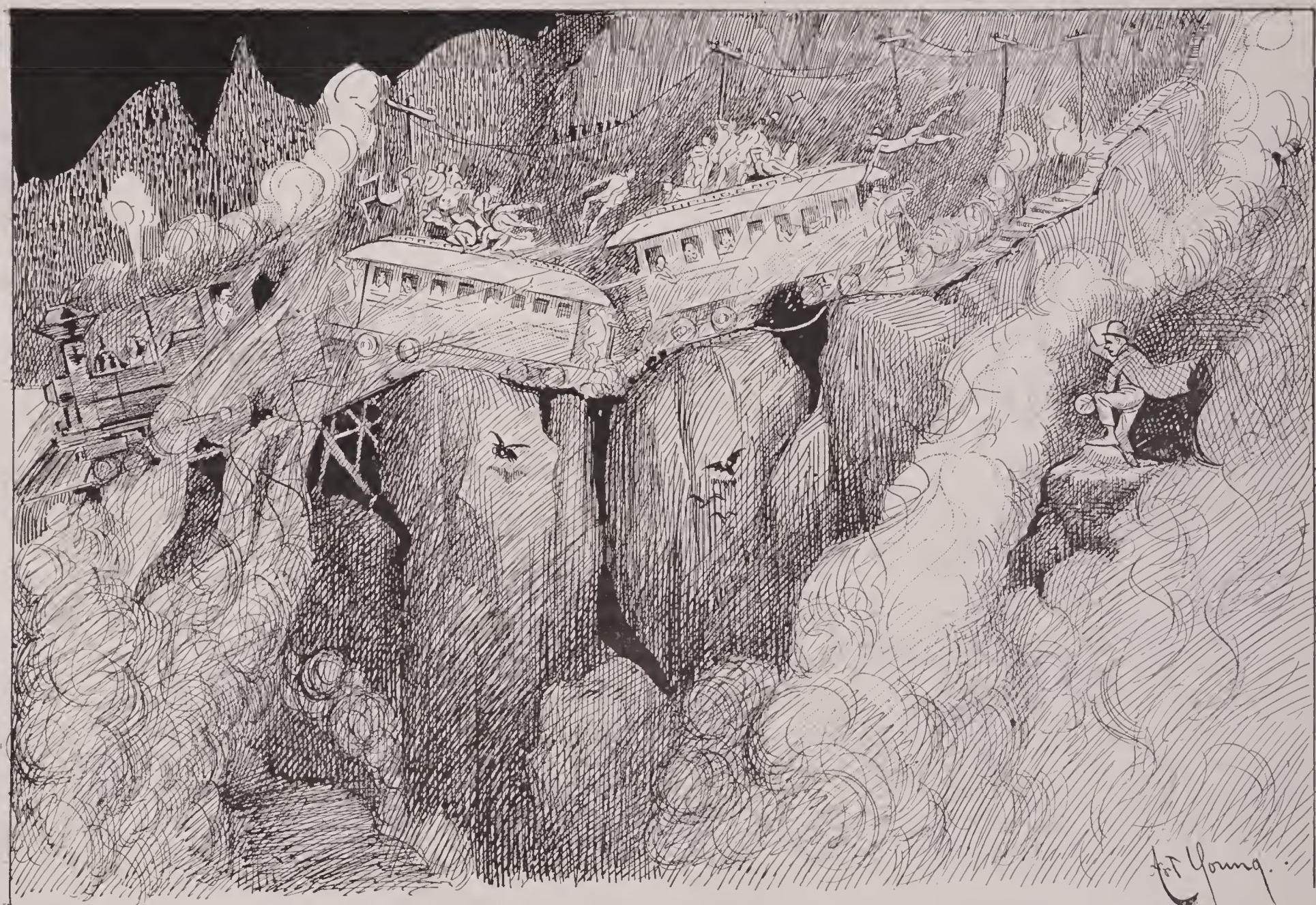


ENTRANCE TO THE FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

The P. D. Q. Limited from New York City.

As I still journeyed downward, I looked up and beheld, coming down a steep grade of the most uncomfortable-looking corduroy road I ever saw, a train-load of howling souls. The engine yelled as if it were being tortured. The owls on the telegraph wires flapped their wings and darted off in all directions. The coaches were crowded to overflowing. Those who did not arrive early and avoid the rush had to sit on the roof. They had a hard time hanging on. As soon as the terrible noise had died away, I collected my senses and stumbled on down the rocks. I preferred going this way to taking an elevator. I wanted to see everything.

This train, I afterward learned, was what they call in Hell the P. D. Q. Limited from New York City. It carries all sorts of sinners, from cigarette fiends to railway hogs.



THE LIMITED EXPRESS FROM NEW YORK CITY.

Inventor of the Barb-Wire Fence.

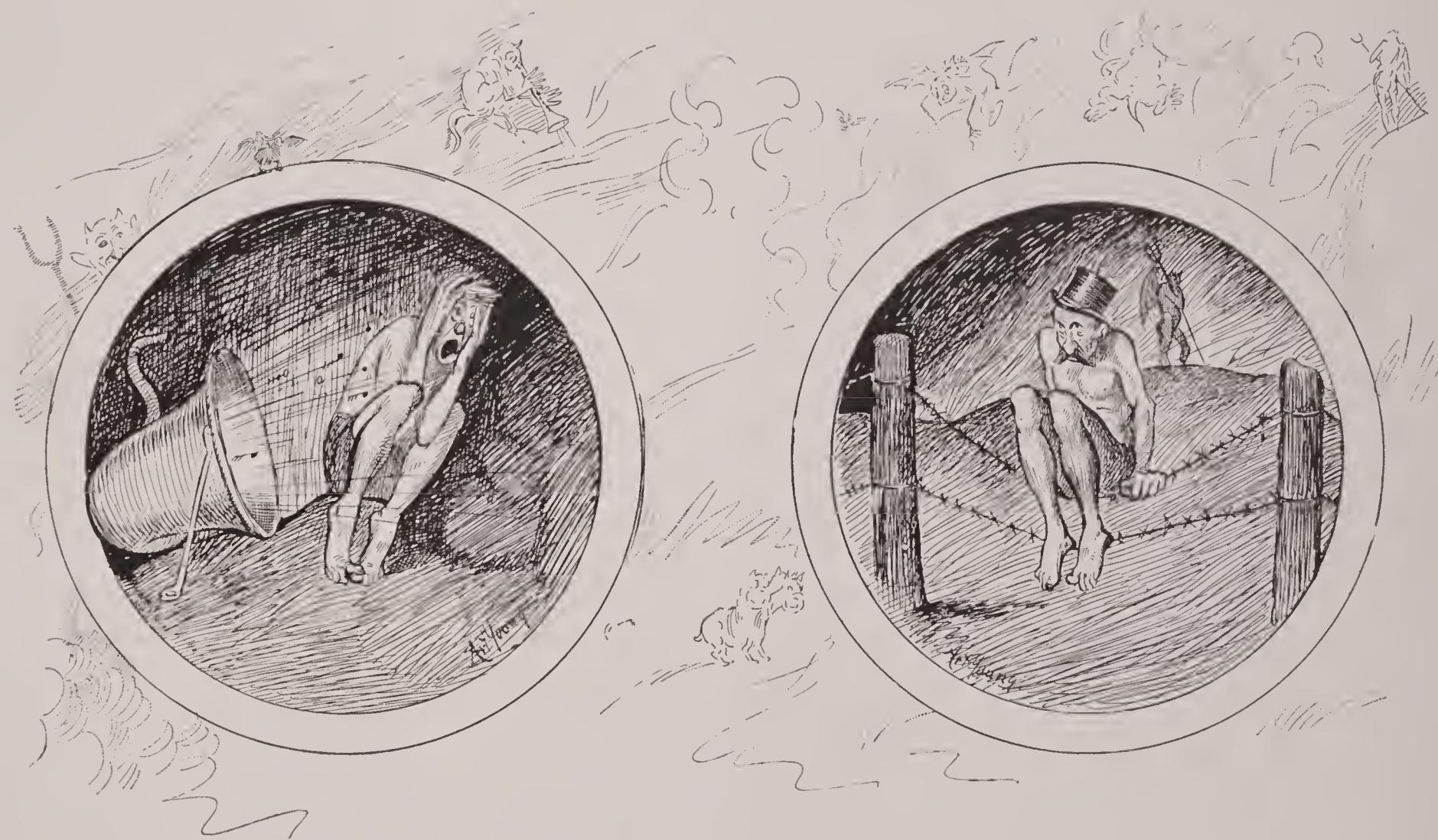
Hard by sat the man who is responsible for the treacherous barb-wire fence, which now covers the otherwise free country of America. His lot is not a pleasant one. He sits forever on his own fence and fritters away the spare moments thinking of what might not have been.



The Cornet-Player.

Off in a corner, all by himself, seated on the point of a ridge, I discovered this infamy of human kind, the cornet fiend. There the detested nuisance cowered, while at his side a huge horn belched forth such Wagnerian noises as nearly stunned the senses. At the mouth-piece of the horn, demons worked a huge bellows. Eternally, forever and aye they pumped, while the brass Vesuvius poured forth job-lot sonatas and the wretch vainly wished for deafness.

Sometimes I would catch a snatch from "White Wings," sometimes a few notes from "Ta-ra-ra," and again a little wad from "Johnny, Get Your Gun." It would seem that any one of these melodies, played singly and alone, would have been torture enough for one poor soul. Played together in a grand free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can pot-pourri, it was simply horrible. I turned and wept.



HE PLAYED THE CORNET.

THE INVENTOR OF THE BARB-WIRE FENCE.

The Umbrella-Borrower.

Nothing, it seems, is too severe for the man who borrows umbrellas and forgets to bring them back. Chained to a barren rock in the middle of a mud lake, I saw this fiend sit, laved in woe, while he clutched the remnant of an umbrella and the rain descended in torrents.

It rains all sorts of things—cats, worms and snakes. A crash of thunder is a signal for a shower of pitchforks, and the poor wretch humps himself, even as a cow heaves her spine, to meet the down-pouring deluge. When this storm gets through with him, he looks like a huge pincushion.



Sellio R. Muθbañel.

According to the imperial mandate of infernal law, the husband who purchases fine apparel for himself only, is here dressed up in a most ridiculous costume—just such a dress as a sane woman would refuse to wear more than once, if at all. Thus he is compelled to appear always, and, although he goes around forever whining about his personal attire, his efforts to get a change are without avail. He is the laughing-stock and tantalized target of the wit and ridicule of all Hell.

One of this class of sinners, tagged from the poor little city of Kokomo, Indiana, was singled out as an especially fine mark for the demons.

The picture of this man, as he appears in Hell, is put forth as a warning to just such sinners who still remain on earth.



THE UMBRELLA-BORROWER.



THE SELFISH HUSBAND.

ὌΡΕ Ταιλόζ.

The belief has been held by a large number of gentlemen that tailors make bad-fitting clothes just out of pure deviltry. The theory is in some degree corroborated by the amount of space and attention given to these individuals in Hell.

In one of the hottest locations in the region—a place so hot that you can broil a steak by exposing it to the air, a place where the thermometer never comes down to even boiling heat—these tailors fume and steam, attired in their own misfits.

I stood on a red-hot iron bridge just as long as I could, gazing down on this sweltering throng, for they were an interesting crowd. Finally one of the number, on seeing me, tore madly through the crowd, waving a bill over his head. I knew what that meant, and fled.





THE TAILORS.

The Mashers.

Through a dark pathway I now entered into the department where the professional "mashers" are punished. These "mashers" (or "dudes," if your prefer), who habitually stand on street corners and ogle pretty girls, are here given a taste of "mashing" as Mr. Satan interprets it. Under huge rocks, each of which weighs about as much as a wagon-load of squashes, these wretches lie and feebly flounder, while the haunted air rings with their despondent bellowing.

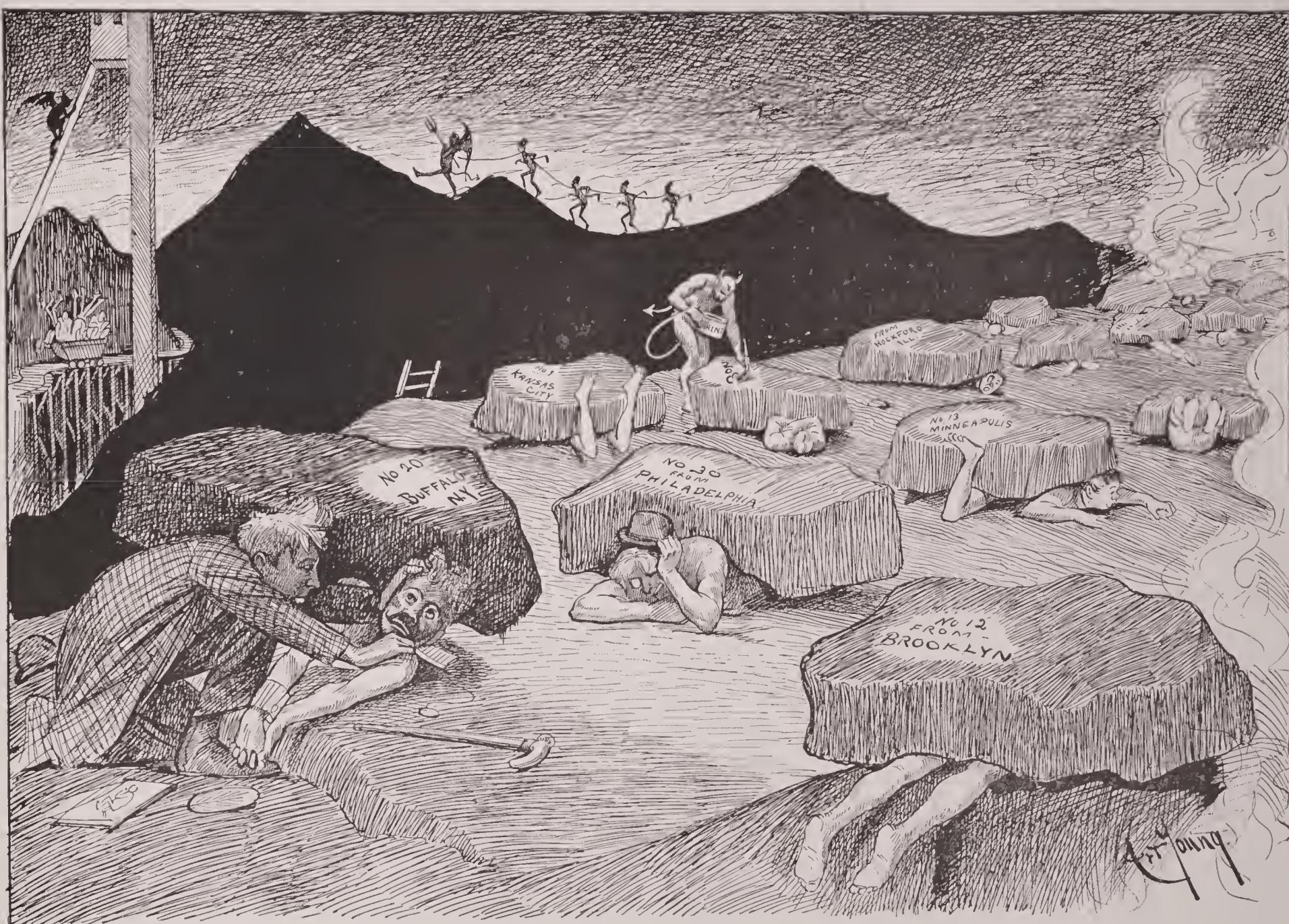
Most of them were still quite young; excessive cigarette-smoking had smoothed their paths to an early grave. Cigarette-smoking has some advantages.

Being struck by the familiarity of a pair of moony eyes that rolled upwards as I approached, I stooped down, and, grabbing the shade by his strawberry bangs, cried: "Tell me, aren't you the Rochester dude that used to stand at the 'four corners' and insult modest maidenhood? What's your name?" He made no reply. I shook him again and again, until he yelled. A dude

from Philadelphia, lying hard by, on hearing the noise, thereupon cried out to him, calling him by his full name, and asking what was the matter.

"Now, be dumb," said I. "I have your name." And I shook him again at parting, and gave him a saucy slap in the face. Rochester people who knew this butterfly on earth will certainly not chide me for that slap. Near him were mashers from Brooklyn and Philadelphia. Down the embankment, a little way removed, I found a dapper little flirt from Utica, New York. I counted no less than twenty-five, all in a bunch, who hailed from Saratoga. Passing still downward, I beheld a woebegone spirit with a gloomy malformation of banged brow, from Hartford, Connecticut. Only his head protruded from underneath his weight of woe, while his pretty mouth bit the dust like a hysterical woman gnawing a lace handkerchief.

"I say," he cried, motioning me to his side. "Is my neck-tie on straight?" I hurried on and said not a word.



THE MASHERS

A Dentist's Fate.

The next soul I discovered enjoying the luxuries of Hell was a dentist. It was the very man who had, a few years ago, pulled me all over a brand-new set of plush furniture, down two flights of stairs and back again, in the frantic endeavor to extract a tooth that I insisted didn't need extracting. I simply looked up as I saw him being whisked through the air, and said, pleasantly, "Well, how do you like it yourself?" He did not answer. He could not.

The Great American Policeman.

Policemen who make use of the side-door, policemen who practice their club-exercises on small boys, those who sleep on their beats, and all those who have ever refused to answer a civil question, find ample accommodations and a reception of undeniable warmth in the lower world. Immediately on their arrival they are thrust into the electrical patrol-wagon, furnished with bent pins in the seats, and trotted out to a lively district where professional carpet-beaters armed with clubs ever flail the air. Often they get into the way of the clubs. It is a matter of tradition that mundane policemen look upon their five-pointed stars with pride. But when they encounter the clubs below they see more stars, round, five-pointed, octagonal and rhomboid, than they can possibly have time to admire.



THE FATE OF A DENTIST.

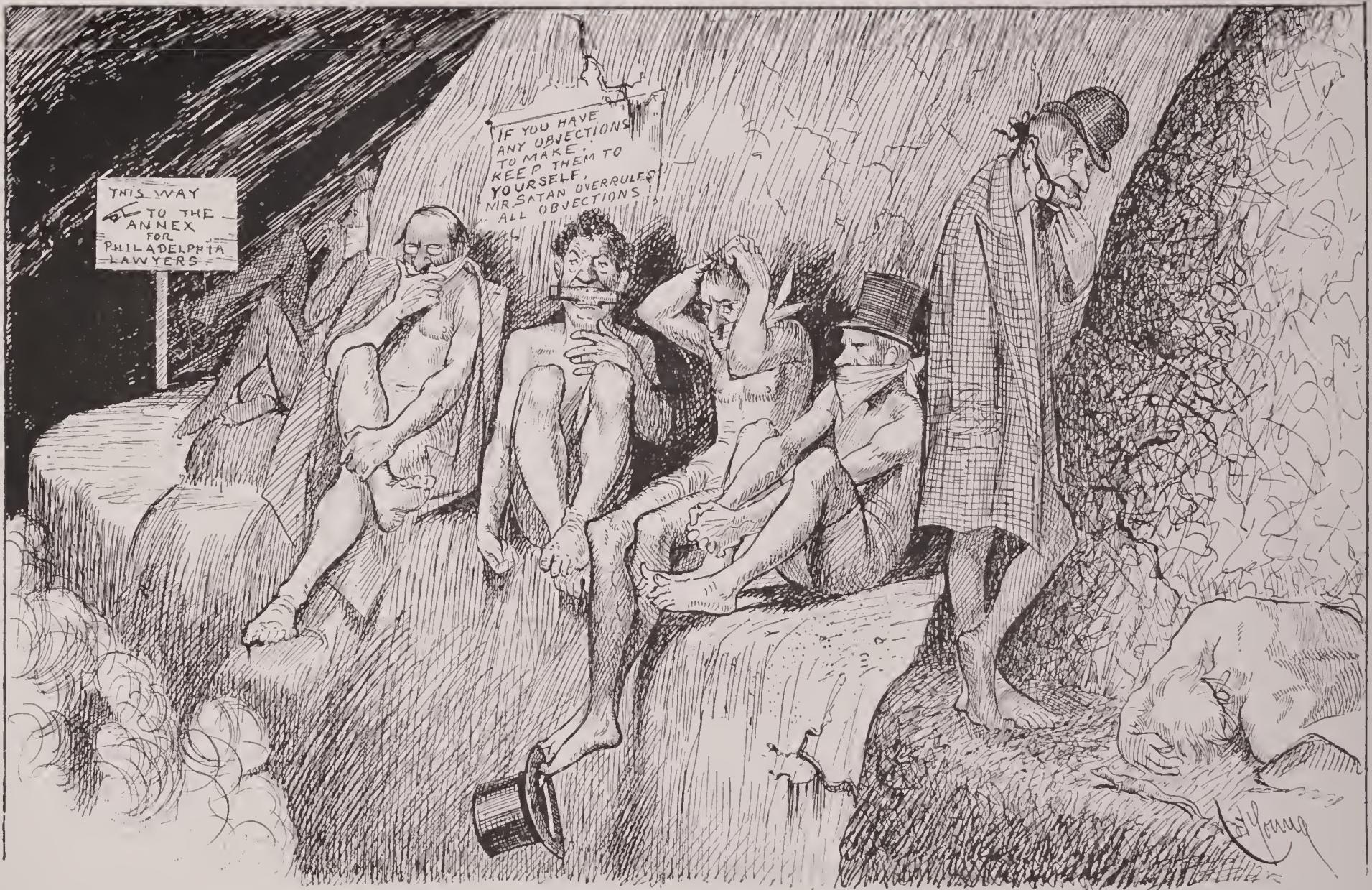


HAVING FUN WITH A POLICEMAN.

The Lawyers.

The department set aside for lawyers is full to overflowing. Mr. Satan was compelled to add an annex to the rear of the department recently, for the exclusive accommodation of legal lights from Philadelphia. No plaint was heard here ; nothing but deep-heaved sighs that made the eternal air shiver — sighs caused not by torture, but from grief felt by these vast multitudes.

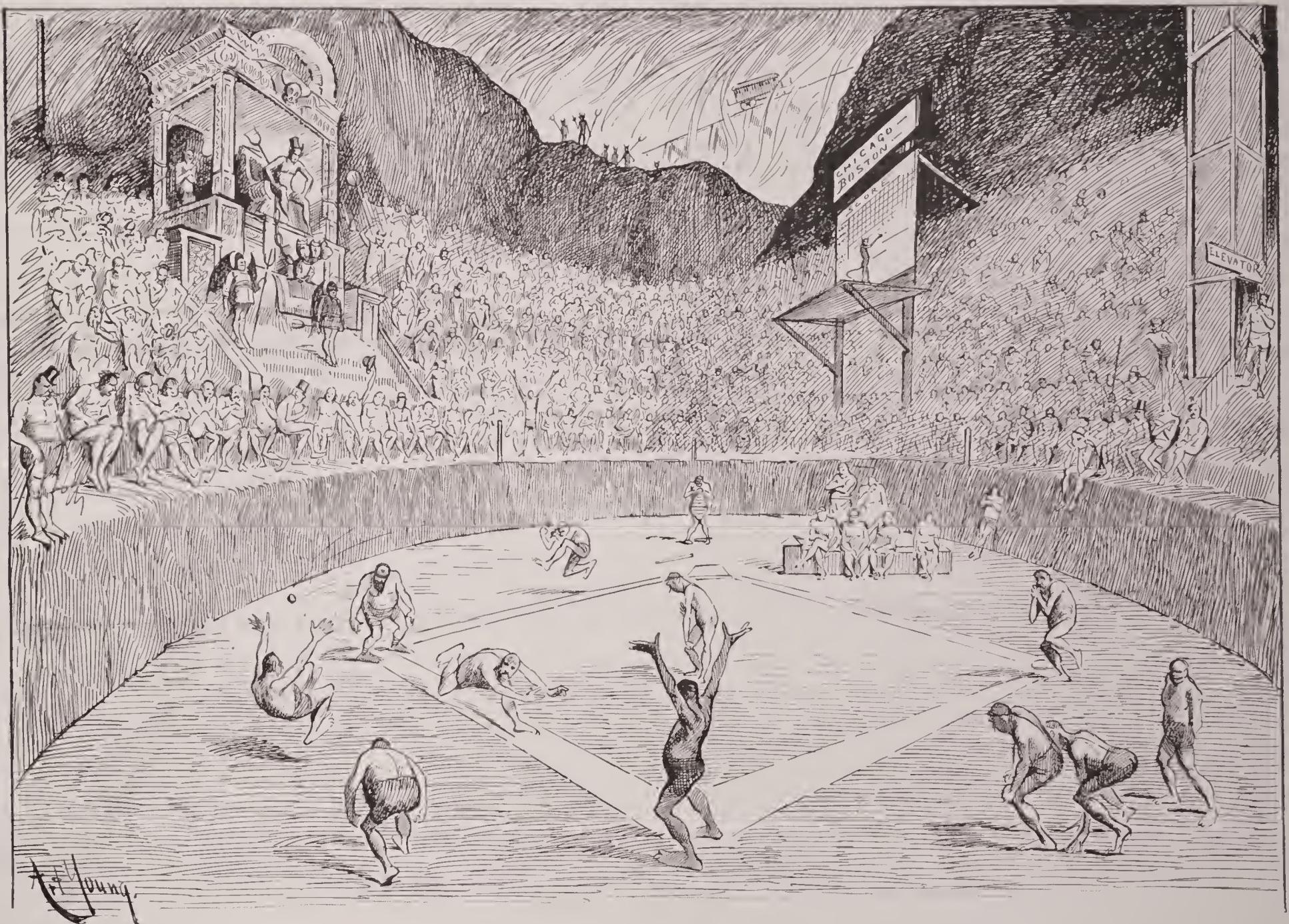
Every lawyer in Hell is gagged — another evidence that Mr. Satan knows human character. It is a fearful punishment, and the spectacle of these barristers would melt the heart of a sleeping-car porter. What mischief could a lawyer not do in Hades if he were not gagged ? Every one would go to headquarters, immediately on his arrival, and present a plea for a new trial or make objections to the rulings of Judge Minos. Moreover, he and his colleagues would promise to bail out every sinner in Hades — if there was anything in it. As they sat around on the rocks, champing their gags as the untrained broncho champs his bit, I could not but see the necessity of their cruel penalty. If they ever try to make objections to the way things are run down there, Mr. Satan firmly overrules the objection, and that settles it.



THE LAWYERS.

A Ball Game in Hell.

I was fortunate in arriving in Hell at a time when I might witness a scene that had never before been known in the history of the place. Never, until this time, had the sinners known a single hour's respite from torture. In this one brief holiday, Mr. Satan permitted the holding of a base-ball contest between picked nines from Boston and Chicago sinners. Mr. Satan himself came down on the elevator from his private office above, with Cerberus and a crowd of employes and valets. He took his seat in the gorgeously canopied grand-stand built for the occasion, and the vast multitude of the amphitheater rose as one man, shouting: "'Rah for the old man! He's all right.'" A demon pressed an electric button at the right of Satan, and the whistles of the brimstone factories immediately began to blow, cannons boomed, and all Hell shook with the roar. It was the signal for the game to commence. Mr. Satan chose himself umpire. During the entire game, there was nothing thrown at him. What he said "went." Mr. James B_____, a Chicago real-estate man, was catcher for the Chicagoans. Jonas R_____, ex-member of the Board of Education of "The Hub," stood behind the bat for the Bostonians. A train dispatcher pitched for Chicago, and did some very effective twirling. The game was exciting. Chicago won after two hours of work. The twenty thousand or more sinners who made up the audience went back to their respective punishments, and Hell once more assumed its business-like appearance. The holiday was over. The residents will probably never have another.



A BALL GAME.

The Key-Hole Reporters.

Standing like patient oxen in their stalls, there now appeared before me a long row of hapless sinners, each held tightly by the nose, in the grip of a huge vise. This is the penalty ordained for the man who perpetually intrudes his nose into the business of others. In this same department were other reporters, whose crime was that of asking their acquaintances, every time they chanced to meet, for "the loan of a V." Through a short journalistic career, I have played an easy victim to these people. As a consequence, I now have several outstanding accounts which I am going to turn over to a collector, with the understanding that he is to have a house and lot for every dollar collected. I do not think that collector will ever have a house and lot of his own.

The Man who Won't Shovel Snow.

One portion of the back yard of the brimstone works is set apart for a small but interesting class of miscreants. It is composed of men who, after seeing their neighbors carefully clean the sidewalks before their front doors, would leave the pave in front of their own homes covered with snow and slush. These individuals are here set to a task of perpetual shoveling. There is no snow, of course, but they are made to shovel brimstone, and to the supply of brimstone there is no limit. As soon as the shoveler has scooped away a little bare place in his heap, a demon comes along and fills it over again. The shoveler is never allowed to stop to blow on his fingers, or change hands on the scoop-handle, or rest his aching shoulder. It is estimated that the work of one of these individuals alone, during seven months, would suffice to clean all the sidewalks in America and make a big hole in the Arctic snowbanks.



KEY-HOLE REPORTERS.

THE LAZY MAN AT WORK.

THE Editors.

Editors who take an awful satisfaction in rejecting manuscript are piled in huge, red-hot iron waste-baskets. Those, also, who sin by swearing falsely to the circulation of their papers are here. They are put down deep into the bottom of the baskets, as the smallest and wormiest apples are always found in the lowest depths of the barrel. Here, also, are those editors who never credit stolen matter. In the valleys and on the mountain sides, in caves and in ditches everywhere, were to be seen these waste-baskets, each holding at least one hundred and fifty editors. I trust this news will send a thrill of serene joy through the heart of the struggling story-writer and the amateur poet. Democratic and Republican editors are thrown together regardless of their political works. Often—and this must be a pitiless punishment—a Republican editor, for instance, will find himself associated, cheek by jowl, with the editor of a rival Democratic paper. Free-traders rub elbows with protectionists. No wonder these baskets of humankind heave and toss with the wild animation that pervades a can of angle-worm bait.



THE EDITORS.

Mr. Satan Addressing His Employes.

Occasionally Mr. Satan makes a trip through Hell on his special car with a view to seeing how things are progressing. On these tours of inspection, he frequently makes speeches to the crowds that collect around his private coach to get a look at "the old man."

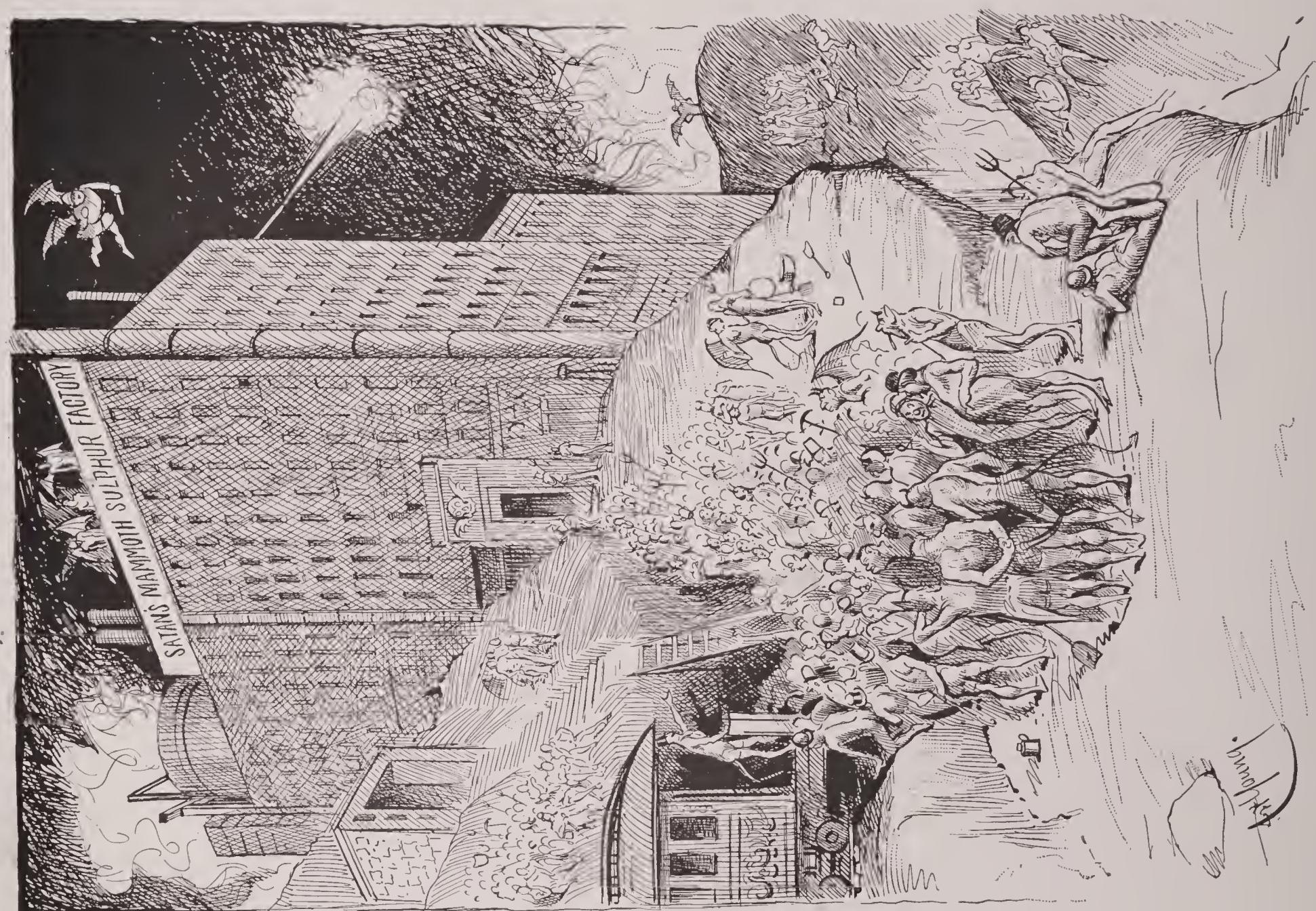
On the occasion of his last trip, there was a strike threatening at the sulphur factory. A certain walking delegate from St. Louis got into the establishment and ordered them all to quit. Mr. Satan heard of the disturbance and had his special car backed up on the side-track by the factory, just as the men were coming out. He then delivered a most cunningly devised speech on the labor question; just such a speech as plotting politicians deliver among the laboring classes of big manufacturing cities. As he stepped out on the platform, he must have felt that he was having a rather cool reception. An occasional hiss, with a low groan aecompaniment, swept through the crowds, but Mr. Satan was firm.

"Gentlemen, employes, and fellow-citizens of Hell," he began: "Let us reason." Then, with a graceful and deprecating wave of his long tail, he leaned over the platform and flung these questions in their teeth: "Are you not as happy as I? Do you think wealth, glory and honor the pathway to the juiciness of joy? No, no! Health, my fellow-citizens, is all you should ask. Are not your livers all right? Certainly, and, moreover, you have all the cloth-

ing you need. I pay your car-fare. And then think! Think, loud and deep, how much better off you are than the poor wretches working in the cold macaroni mines of Italy! Ah, yes, think of your lot compared to that of the deluded slaves that toil, day by day, in the artificial ice factories of New York City, their blood frozen green and their fingers dropping off like icicles! They, fellow-citizens, have reason to be unhappy; but you should be as joyful and gay as the lambs that frisk adown the sunny slopes of verdant pasture grounds. Brace up! Be men! Remember you are living in beautiful Hades, where every sign around you is a sign of prosperity and plenty. Hades, the ideal suburb of New York City, with its corner lots all sold; its easy access to all points in the United States; where all is harmony; where the men of soeial distinction live next door to the humble and the poor; where game (bats and snakes) is plenty, and the beautiful Styx River lies forever rippling at our feet! But above all — *the climate* — it never gets too cold here!"

"Hear! Hear!" said a fat man back in the crowd, while wringing the sweat out of his handkerchief. "Right ye are," said another.

After telling them a few funny stories, Mr. Satan ordered the car out, and the men went back to work — satisfied.



A FEW REMARKS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

The Bald-Headed-Row Sinners.

In the midst of this fearful region yawns a spacious valley, in the hollow bottom of which stands a huge stage. On this stage can be seen the bald-headed-row sinners, dancing earnestly on sharp tacks. No hope, no rest they have, save on the one day in the month which Mr. Satan gives them for picking the tacks out of their feet. Then the merry dance goes on again, while the Devil's minions look on and laugh. They show no evidence of studied grace, but each dances in his own peculiar way. Some prefer the mazurka step, while others prance around with a kind of schottish movement. As I stood on the cliff which answers as the first balcony of this subterranean theater, and looked down on the all-star combination, my thoughts turned to the thousands of deluded bald-heads on earth, who insist on being skittish and tough, never once worrying their heads about the hereafter. Yet, as sure as fate, that hereafter will eventually gather them in and wind them up for this eternal can-can.





THE FRONT-ROW BALD-HEADS.

The Man who Eats Pie with a Knife.

High up on the rocky shelf, above a horrible abyss, I found one whose fate seemed after all hardly adequate to his great fault. He was the man who on earth had practiced the vice of eating pie with a knife. Many a time had he sat at a public restaurant table and gleefully spaded mince-meat into his mouth with a knife-blade, while a host of distressed patrons dropped their coffee-cups and gazed at the spectacle. Also, he used to tuck his napkin around under his collar and tie it at the back. In his present situation, he stands fastened to the cruel rock by a halter about his neck, while just out of reach a throng of merry goblins with pies of every kind are venting shrill jeers. An array of tantalizing and voluptuous pies it is, but the unfortunate victim will never again environ one of the dishes of which he was so fond.





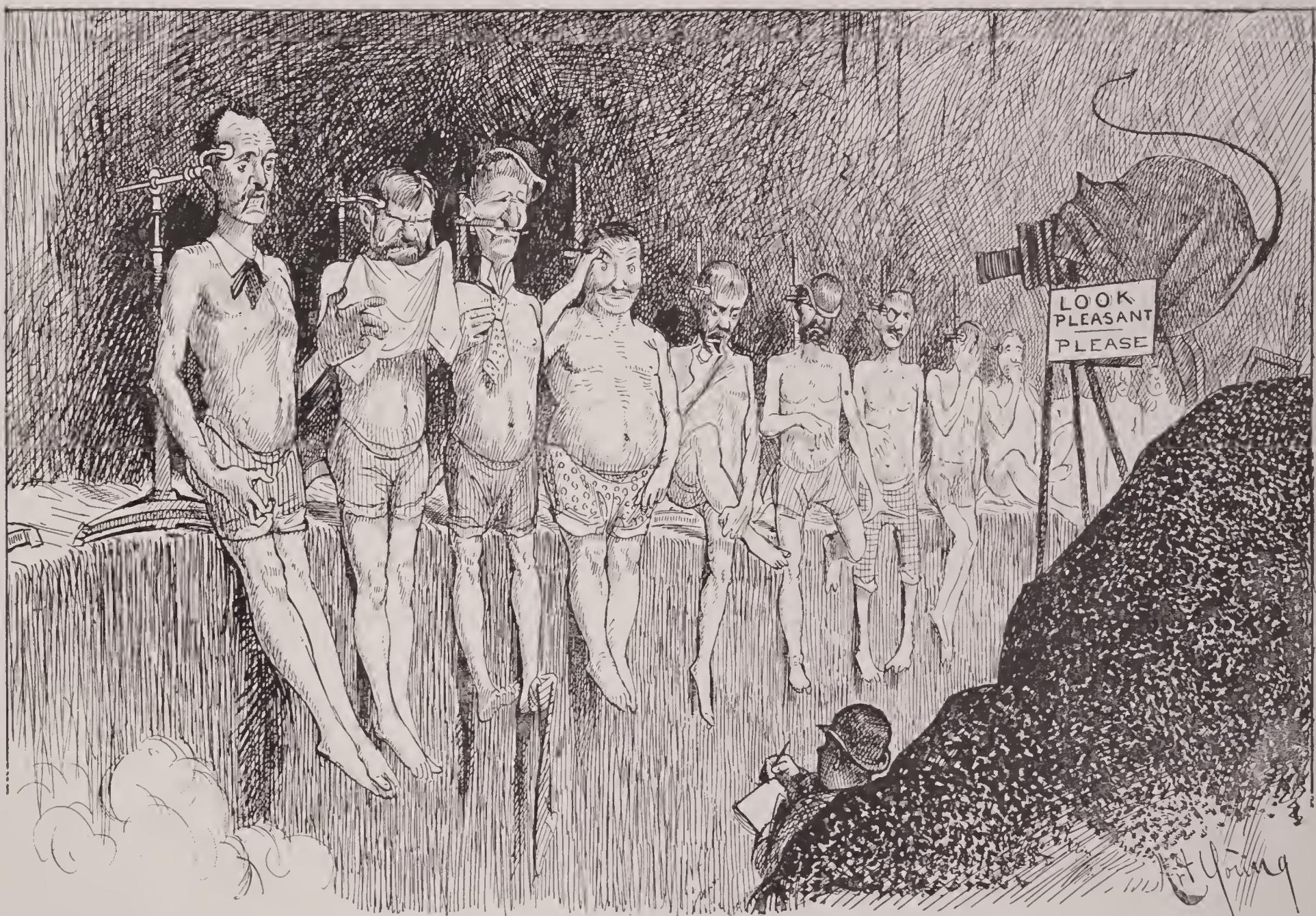
THE MAN WHO EATS PIE WITH A KNIFE.

The Amateur Photographers.

Along a high surface of straight rock, each hung up by a "head-rest," were the unfortunate amateur photographers, their forms dangling over a deep but narrow abyss.

Every hour a demon comes along and takes snap shots, with the understanding that the victims must look pleasant or be hurled down into the chasm, where they go through a terrible developing torture. Any one who has had the experience (and who has not?) of trying to look pleasant with the cleats of a "head-rest" digging deep into one's skull, knows what a trying ordeal it is. Kodak fiends without number swung above me as I walked along taking notes. They did the groaning—the devil did the rest. Sometimes I would reach over playfully from the opposite side of the chasm and pull the toe of a gasping mortal, just by way of introduction, and then try to draw him out into conversation. But they were little given to talk.





THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The Tramps.

I then descended by a very rugged way into a department which is devoted to the punishment of tramps, and which is called in Hell the "Retreat for the Tired." The place was guarded by a burly demon who objected seriously to my entering. Upon my giving him a cigar, however, he apologized, and said that if I was writing the place up he would be glad to do any favor, and would like to have me send him a copy of the paper—which I accordingly promised to do.

His fury being pacified thus easily, I stepped downward from crag to crag, until, upon drawing near the bottom, I discerned huge bath-tubs of boiling water, where were being washed the thousands of unfortunates who, while on earth, were the itinerant victims of that tired feeling and other people's frivolous bulldogs.

"Most of these tramps hail from the little, rat-gnawed State of New Jersey," said the burly demon, who had followed me down

and was making himself quite familiar, evidently thinking he would get his picture in the newspaper. "That," said he, pointing to a spot where the ripples spread wide their coils, "that is the soul of Tired Timothy, of Trenton, New Jersey. Yonder is Wayward Huskins, who had a standing reputation of never doing a day's work in his life. That bald brow whereon the snake-feeders are dancing ring-around-the-rosy is Pentup Peters, of Duluth, the wildest, wittiest tramp of trampdom."

Many more were pointed out to me, whose names I do not now call to mind. Some whom I saw were immersed as high as to their eye-brows; others showed nothing but a foot or a freekle. Long did I sit and watch them, as they gulped the muddy lish, while the merciless demons would turn the hose on them when they least expected it, or pull them out and scrub them. One poor tramp, from Akron, who arrived while I was there, fell into a swoon on seeing a cake of soap for the first time. It was pathetic.



THE TRAMPS.

The Society Bore.

Having successfully surmounted some hindrances and inspected the new Incline Railroad, which is now in full working order, I followed the direction of a sign-board pointing to the gulf where society bores are punished.

The society bores, and there are many of them in Hell, are not having what would be termed on earth "a real glorious time." They were all there, however. The man who continually talks about himself was there. The man who tries to act funny in company and makes an indecent fool of himself was there. The man who is always flattering other men's wives was there. There were others, too, all being sat upon by industrious demons who worked diligently and happily, boring deep holes into the poor wretches with brace and bit, or post-hole augers.





ON EARTH.

THE SOCIETY BORE.



IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY,

The Boodle Aldermen.

Hugging the rocky ledge closely, I groped my way to a lower plain, where I discovered new torments. Here the boodle aldermen are roasted *à la mode*. Everywhere was great activity. It is said that this department exacts more careful attention and employs more demons than any other in this region. The large and populous Chicago branch was the one that attracted me most; not alone on account of its being so extensive, but because I saw many a familiar face.

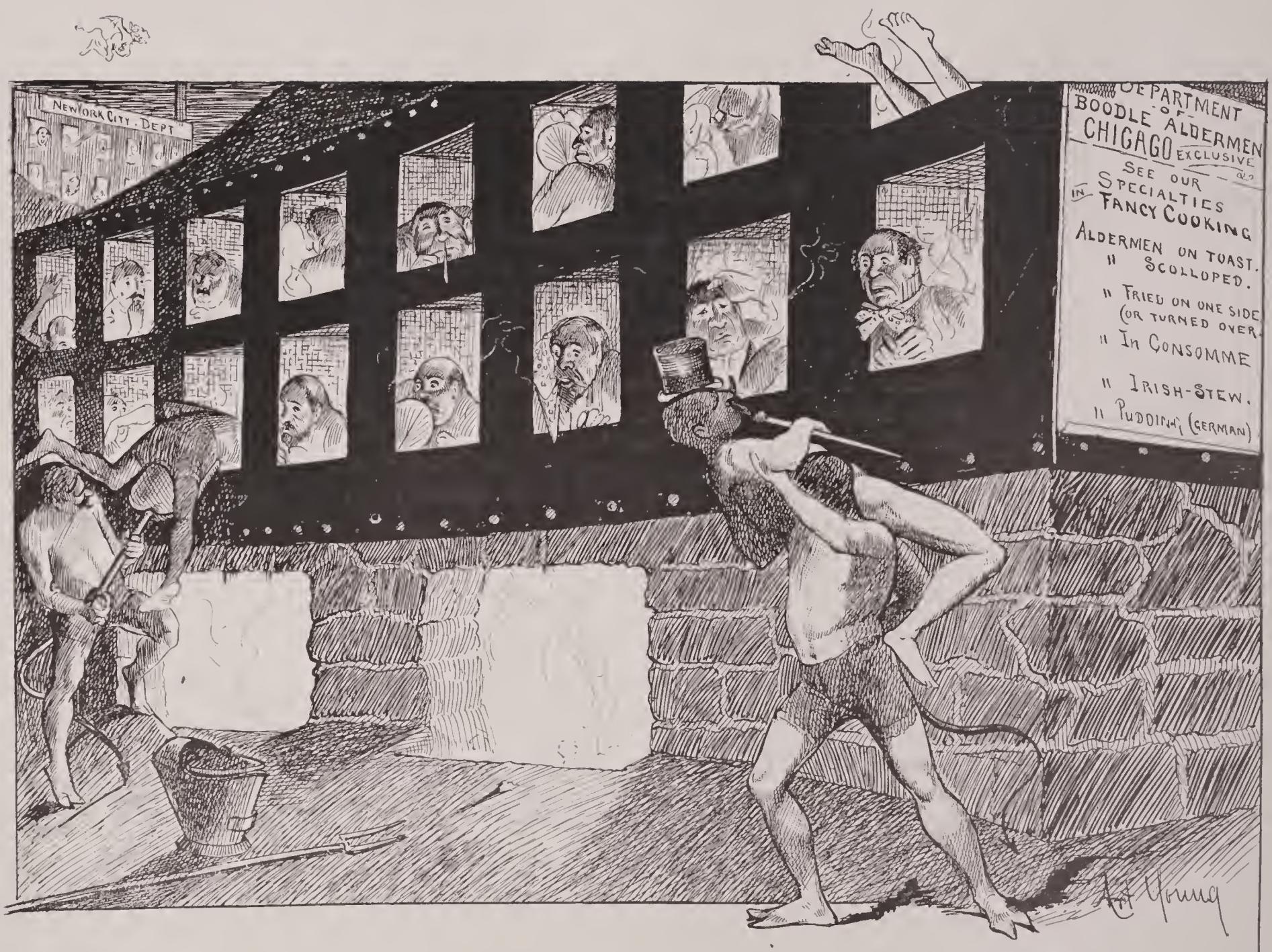
These boodle aldermen, who, on earth, aver that "their hearts burn with a passionate desire to serve the people," and then forthwith go to serving with impassioned energy any corporation that will give up to them, are here shoveted into the separate ovens of a big furnace, which winds around the hill in a semieircular arrangement similar to that of the desks in the Chicago city council.

Each sat in his particular oven, not only "burning at the heart with love for his constituents," but burning all over, and swearing till the blue air, mixing with the bright red flannels, made a highly striking picture. At intervals the aldermen would break out with

the remark that if it hadn't been for the newspapers they would not be suffering this injustice.

Some are tough and some are tender, but the demons spare none; the fat and the lean, the beautiful and the thug-faced, all go together in democratic simplicity into this sizzling, broiling barbecue. If, on feeling of the breast-bone of a new arrival, it is found that he is uncommonly tough, he goes into the Chicago department, as a matter of course. New York City stands next to Chicago in furnishing thoroughbred boodlers. Pittsburgh sends some pretty bad ones, and I was told that Cleveland, Ohio, had a showing of aldermen in Hell that could compete with almost any—not in numbers, but in general moral, mental and physical dilapidation.

On my way out, I passed the furnace where those from Providence, Rhode Island, were roasted. It was a very sad sight, but somehow I did not feel like soiling a new handkerchief with fresh tears. Perhaps I felt as the average tax-payer must feel when he reads this—that Hades is a good, big joke on the aldermen.



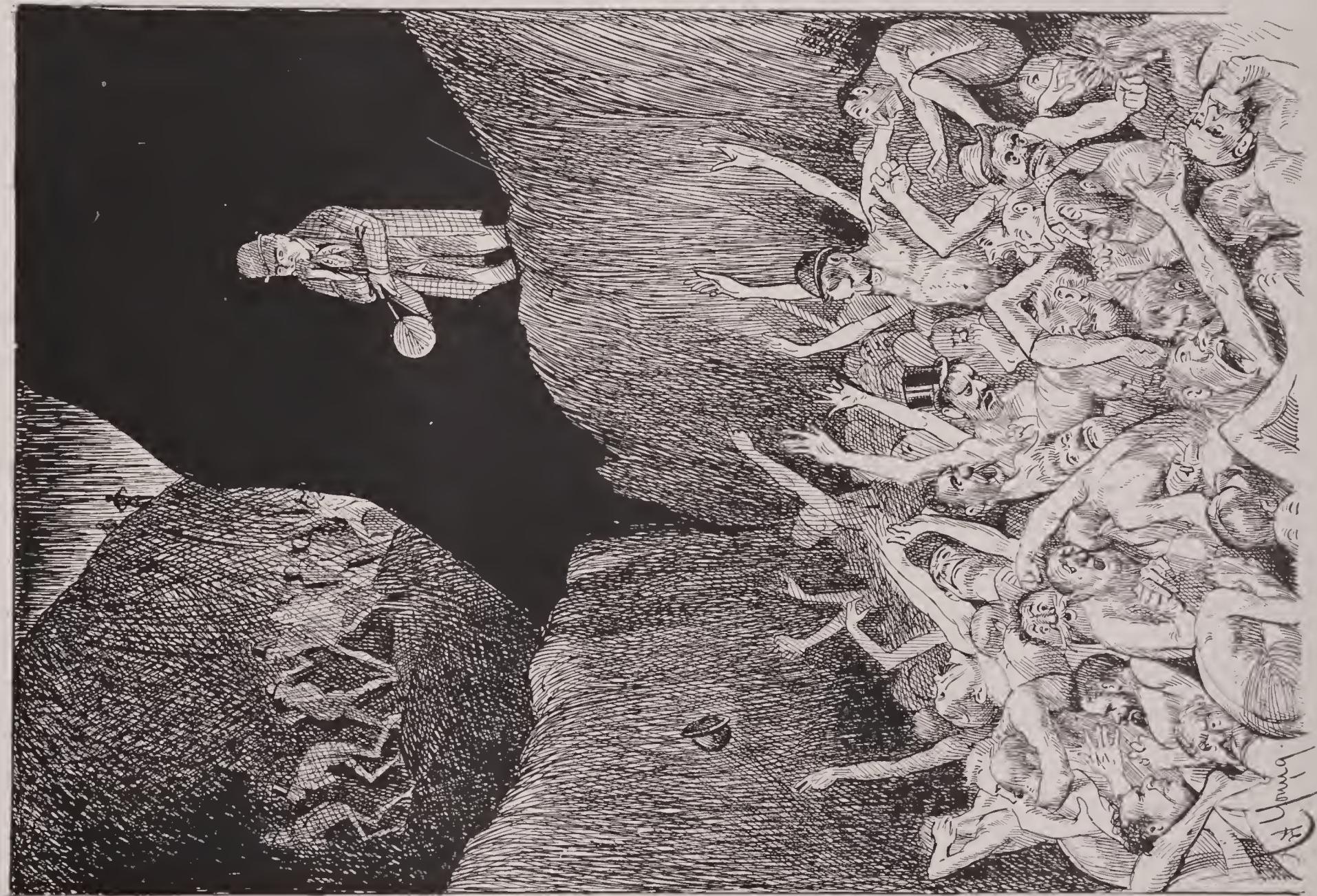
THE BOODLE ALDERMEN.

Board-of-Trade Gamblers.

Now I began to hear below me a terrible noise; the yelling of voices deep and hoarse made up a tumult that cleft the Stygian darkness like the roaring of a herd of untamed steers. Following the direction of the noise, I soon discovered that I was in the eternal home of the "Board-of-Trade Gamblers." Into huge pits or "corners," as the demons call them, these bulls and bears are hurled headlong. There they begin speedily to realize that Mr. Satan can run a tight corner himself—a tighter "corner" than they were ever in, or ever pushed any one else into. No mercy is shown them; fifteen deep, they are piled in and squeezed as wet clothes are squeezed in a wringing-machine.

The flames from an adjacent well of natural gas rose high above the opposite wall and threw a flickering red light about this department, plainly disclosing these animals in all their ribald revelry. Looking down the jaws of the pit, I saw, directly below me, a large man who seemed so utterly whelmed in woe that "pity opened the floodgates" of my visage, and I dropped a large, lustrous tear on his bald head as a token of my sympathy.





BOARD OF TRADE GAMBLERS.

The Bunko-Steerers and Confidence Men.

As I was leaving the Board of Trade gamblers, I looked up and saw a tribe of smooth, oily-looking sinners coming down the slope and gibbering in low, guttural tones, while a policeman, with a furze of whiskers on his chin, cracked a long whip and drove them on from the rear. These individuals, I was informed, were the bunko-steerers. I followed the procession long and faithfully, as a small boy will follow an Italian with a bear—not because there is any fun in walking, but because there is bound to be a free show. I was not disappointed. Climbing a steep hill, the procession halted where there was already a howling Wagnerian pandemonium of hopeless souls. I mounted to the summit of a small precipice and looked over. Running from the top to the bottom of this hill was the famous Sand-paper Slide, known all over Hell as the one particular spot to be avoided if you have on your Sunday clothes. The slide punishment is dealt to bunko-steerers for various reasons. It gives the devils a chance to try their own hands at steering, for one thing, and it affords them a good deal of enjoyment. And then,

the sand-paper, being coarse-grained and rough, rubs off that smooth, oily way which is a part of the make-up of a successful bunko-steerer.

As they stood in procession, with shivering knees, a demoniac policeman would at certain intervals yell "Next!" The one foremost would then shuffle to the front, where he was given a shove which would send him whirling and rasping down the slide at the rate of two thousand knots per minute. Those who have rubbed a big Bermuda onion on a nutmeg-grater will easily imagine the fluency with which the slider wept.

Farmers from Sangamon County, Illinois, as well as those from Essex, New York, Berkshire, Massachusetts, and Ulster County, New York, all of whom are noted for the time-honored custom of being bunkoed out of their hog-money every time they go to the city, will be pleased to hear that there is a place of retribution for the bunko-steerer. Indeed, there is played upon him a skin game of which he cannot get the combination.



BUNKO-STEERERS AND CONFIDENCE MEN.

The Poker Players.

Inveterate and guileful poker players are stacked up in regular rows like poker chips. A section embracing miles and miles of valuable real estate in Hades is used for the stacking of these sinners.

That I might get a good bird's-eye view of the department, I climbed to the summit of one of these mountains of human flesh. Twice my efforts to gain the top were baffled, and I fell down the howling mass all in a heap. I made a third effort, and this time, by taking firm hold of an occasional protruding ear or stout toe, and using great caution not to step on a smooth-shaven chin, lest I might slip, I succeeded in reaching the top. Then I made a telescope of my hands and looked out over the plain of Pokerdom. And what a sight was there, my countrymen !

The hot wind was blowing strong. The signs rustling in the stacks swung to and fro with the breeze. Just as far as I could see, these tangled heaps of humankind reared their lofty peaks to the opaque sky, while the bats swung around them and built nests in their whiskers. The pile on which I stood heaved and tossed so wildly that I thought it best to crawl down and set forward for the next department.



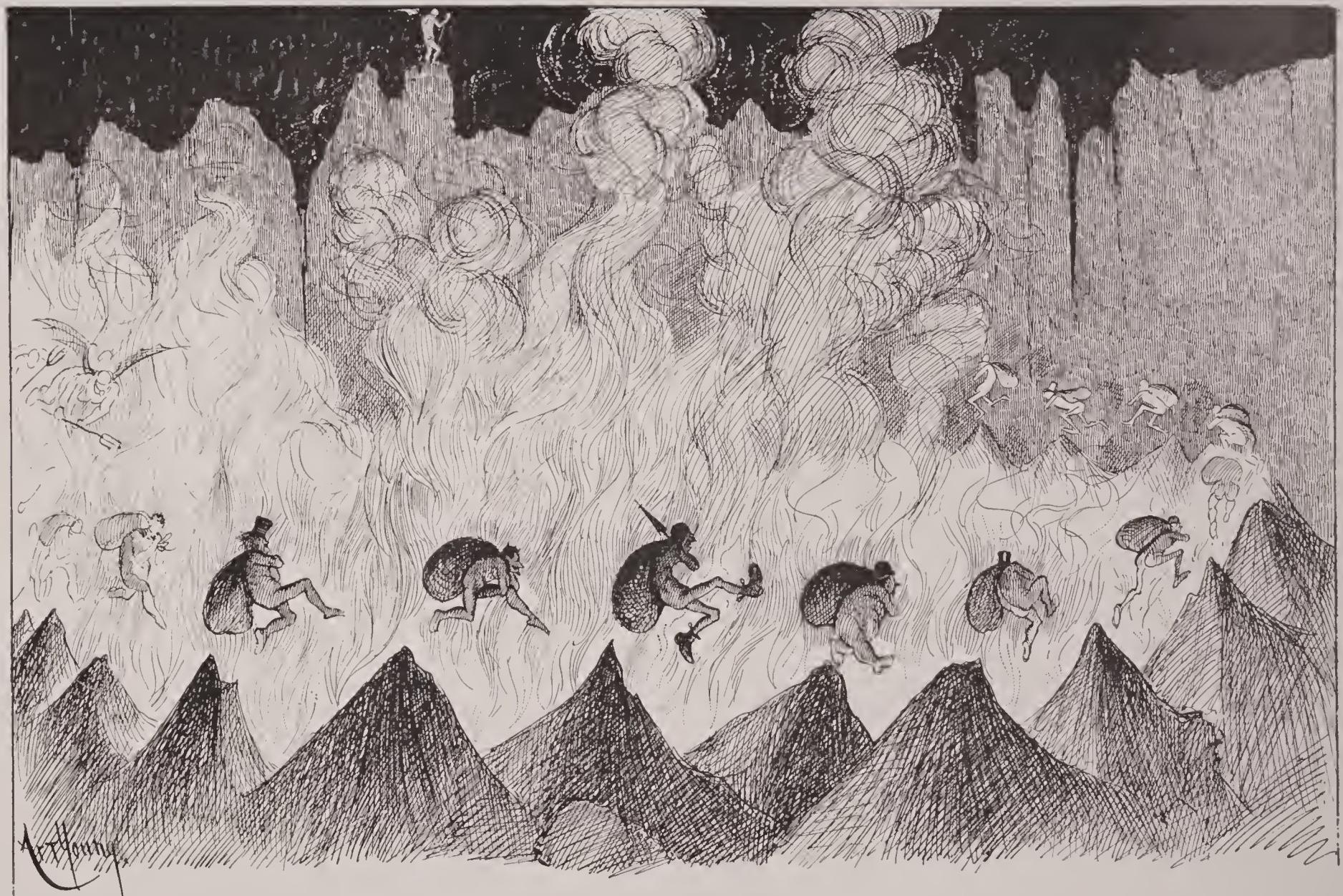
THE POKER PLAYERS.

Bank Cashiers Who Skip to Canada.

I now descended a path leading to the left and sought to explore the depth wherein all-searching justic dooms to punishment the agile bank cashiers, and all men who have at any time during their lives shouldered other men's boddle and skipped to Canada to escape the digits of the law.

I had not journeyed long over the uncertain steps of stone, when, from a sharp turn in the Alp-like slope, I saw fiercee tongues of flame leaping athwart the distant gloom. The peaks of distant mountains showed black against the lurid glare. It was now getting hot. The calorie was intense enough to have fried juiee out of the Washington monument.

Looking up, as a wide rift opened in the drifting smoke, I saw, beyond, the spirits of the bank cashiers still forever skipping, still forever chased by Satan's private police. On they came, clattering like mountain goats, leaping and tumbling from crag to erag, on their shoulders big bags of stones, far heavier than any boddle, and in their hearts great chunks of sorrow. On and on they skip eternally. There is no American detective behind to lose sight of them and give them ease of suffering.



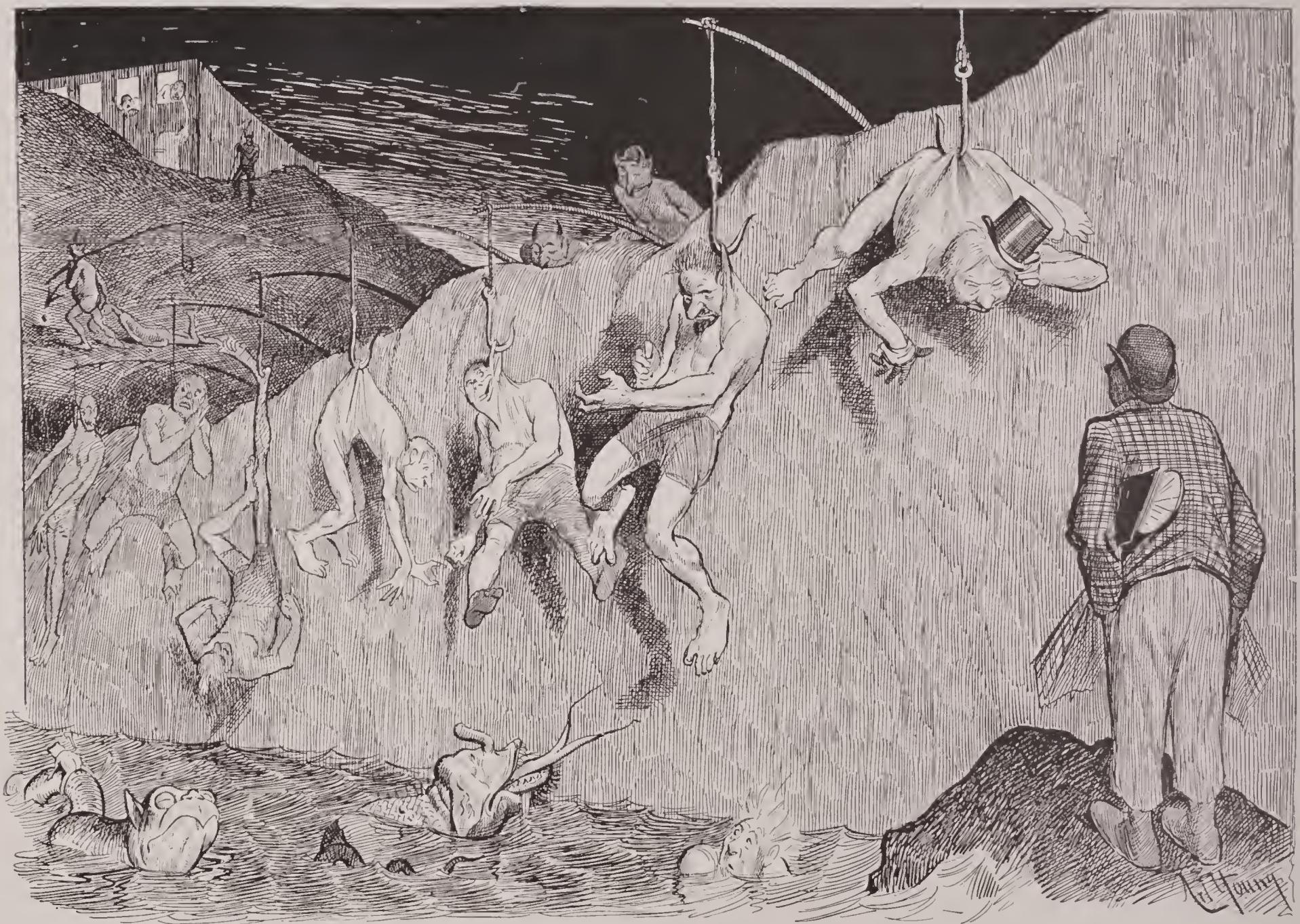
DEFAULTING BANK CASHIERS.

The Men Who Go Fishing on Sunday.

These widely-known sinners are hung up on fish-hooks over a boiling lake, where, through the long, hot days, they writhe and squirm like fretted fishes jerked from the calm delights of a placid pool. Some hung by the ears, others by the back. Another was swinging, with unstudied grace, by the heel. Approaching one who hung uneasily above, I looked up and asked him whether he was sorry he had come. He muttered something about its being no sinecure, but as I was about to go away, called me back and asked how the fishing was, up around the Maekinae lakes.

Though at this time well-nigh exhausted with the vicissitudes of my journey, I kept right on, bound to see everything. Some people, as I could plainly see, were going to stand this thing throughout eternity. I ought to be able to hold on for at least one day.





THE MEN WHO GO FISHING ON SUNDAY.

HADES UP TO DATE

The Quack Doctors.

The sewers of Hades are flushed with patent medicines. Wallowing in this stream of mysterious decoction are the souls of the quack doctors, gulping their own medicines. To add to the punishment, unceasing showers of large pills descended, the doctors frantically beating the air in their endeavors to ward off the bitter storm.

I saw many whose portraits once adorned the advertising columns of the daily press, but they slunk away on seeing me as a water-rat seeks the darkness of the mud-bank. One of them, who had been trying to gnaw a free luneh out of the head of a rival, looked up while I stood on the rock above them, wiped his mustache on the other fellow's head and cried out: "Say, did you ever take anything for it?" "For what?" I asked. "Why, man, you've got the biliehrimer faundietrix of the pulmonary pusmadroeks." "Thanks," said I, and walked off. I don't know just what the little biliehrimer malady may be, but if I have it, it will probably be trouble enough of itself, without being complicated with patent medicines.



THE QUACK DOCTORS

THE ICE-DEALERS.

As, oppressed by the gloom and terror, I wandered down into the fearsome pit beneath the "Female Department," with my eyes still fixed upon the lofty battlements and heart thumping against my ribs, I heard a weird, sepulchral voice ring out: "Say, mister, lift your feet!" I turned and saw before and underneath me a lake whose frozen surface seemed like glass. As frogs peep croaking above the wave, so these poor spirits, blue, pinched and frigid, stood shrined in ice. At the side a perpendicular wall of ice arose, as a bank rises at a river's side. From this wall, also, there peered heads whose chattering teeth sounded like the monotonous music of horse-fiddles. Walking on a space, I found at my feet one who seemed completely wrapped up in woe. He lifted his head with a blood-freezing crackle of the neck-joint. I stooped low and sympathetically asked him if his name was "Mudd." He said it was, Oscar Elihu Mudd, of Omaha. He was an ex-ice-dealer who, aside from his present misfortunes, had met with a terrible disaster while a mortal of the upper world. By mistake he one day sold a small and crystalline chunk of ice for a diamond. He figured out that his losses from this transaction alone were enough punishment, to say nothing of a life sentence to Hades.

I began to see that I would have a case of chilblains to nurse if I didn't hurry from the place. So I skated out. All these unhappy creatures were ice-dealers who brought little chunks of ice to their customers and made them pay three times too much.



ICE-DEALERS AND COLD, CRABBED BUSINESS MEN.

The Kentucky Colonels.

Down in a gloomy vale, where the hot, miasmatic breeze rankles in your nostrils like the breath of a Behemoth cow that has had bran-mash and onions for supper, I discovered the Kentucky colonels. I take no credit for the discovery. Any one who visits Hades and fails to run against officers from the blue-grass country must be an expert dodger. And here they were : up on the mountain sides, down in the chasms, everywhere — writhing, cavorting and galloping. Each colonel has ten snakes, five for each boot. These snakes are his permanent property. In case any snake does get old and lazy and loses his grip, the demon overseer will yell, "More snakes!" and immediately another handful is sent up from below.

While standing on the side of a high cliff, making sketches and taking notes of this vast plain, there came crawling swiftly up the steep a keen-eyed colonel, attended by his ten devoted serpents. I was about to faint, but changed my mind. Fainting in Hades is not advisable. Dante made his great mistake when he fainted. "Say, young fellow!" said the Colonel, as I started to hippity-hop up the slope as if I didn't care, "got a chew about you?" But a lump in my throat prevented my answering, and I hurried on.



THE KENTUCKY COLONELS.

The Fat-Frying Department for Monopolists.

The horrible scenes witnessed at every turn now began to unnerve me. As a fluttering feather drops to lowland from the weary wing of the jim-crow wheeling over the mountain crest, so my heart sank lower and lower, with my reason barely clutching the edge of her throne.

Aroused by the heavy boom of a gas-pipe bursting on the opposite hill, I arose and pushed on my way, presently finding myself in the midst of the great fat-frying industries of this region. Seated in huge frying-pans, the monopolists vainly fan themselves, while the slow, eternal fires gradually fry the fat out of them. I passed slowly in front of them as they sat there, sizzling and sputtering and perspiring blood. They eyed me sharply, evidently wondering how I happened to be there in the garb of earthly mortals. One steaming soul, before whom I halted, wiped his brow with a bandanna and asked me if I could tell him what "Union Pacific" was quoted at. I told him I did not know, whereat he seemed very sad. Then, the heat becoming more intense, his corpulent person flopped in the pan, head down, as pop-corn jumps with the heat.

Walking on apace and wondering how a little facetiousness would strike the unfortunates, I asked one of the number, who was already done quite brown, if it was "hot enough" for him. It did not work. Immediately a score or more of demons shot down from the black sky, and, grappling me with a hook, hurled me down a deep chasm, a distance of several hundred feet.

Exploring Hell has its drawbacks. This was one of them.





THE MONOPOLISTS.

The Ministers.

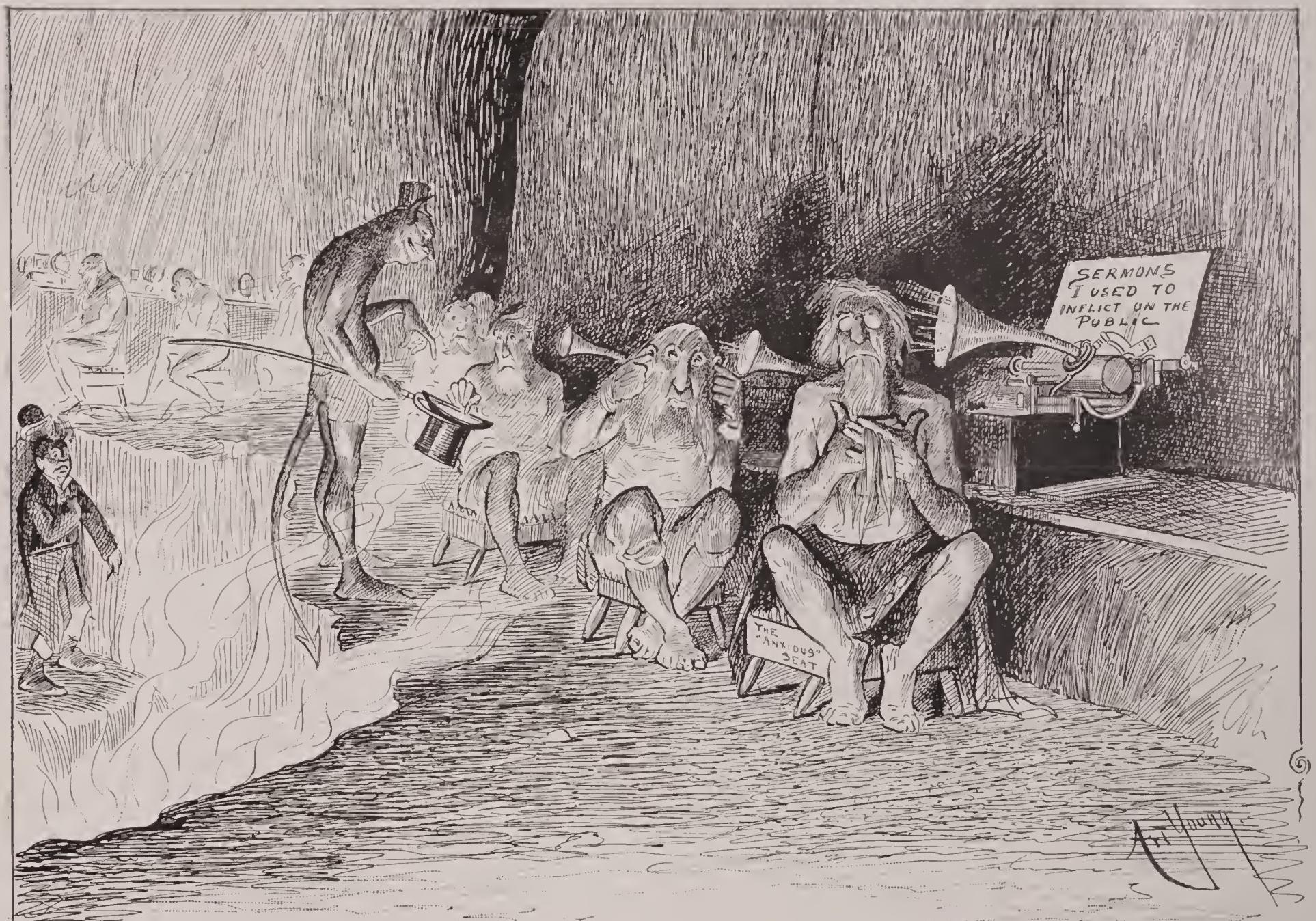
Standing in an abyss where steam and smoke drifted thick on all sides, my ear caught the sound of strange, metallic mutterings seemingly coming from a distance. But looking up, I saw a sight that made me stand aghast. There, right before me, along the barren rock, sat a brood of pensive souls crouching before an endless row of phonographs.

"Sermons I used to inflict on the public," was the inscription plaqued on each machine.

In front of them there passed every few moments an industrious demon with a contribution hat.

It needed no reference to my guide-book to place these unhappy people—the ministers who never know when their congregations have had enough.





THEY FAILED TO PRACTICE WHAT THEY PREACHED.

The Pugilists.

From the other side of a ridge of rock, to which I now came, there issued sounds of loud snorting, varied by an occasional thud like unto the fall of a large ham on a pavement. Passing up the way, I looked over and saw the mode of punishment that Judge Minos, in his severest mood, metes out to the professional pugilist. The sluggers were holding glove contests with the most powerful of the demons. Some of them fought vigorously for a moment, but in the end they all succumbed. As the demons wore gloves covered with short iron spurs and the pugilists had only the regulation mitten, with eight ounces of padding, the contests were rather one-sided.

One pugilist was receiving particularly heavy punishment. "Who is that unfortunate?" I asked. "Some one who has fought innumerable times?" "No," replied one of the demons. "He didn't fight at all. He just issued challenges."





THE PUGILISTS.

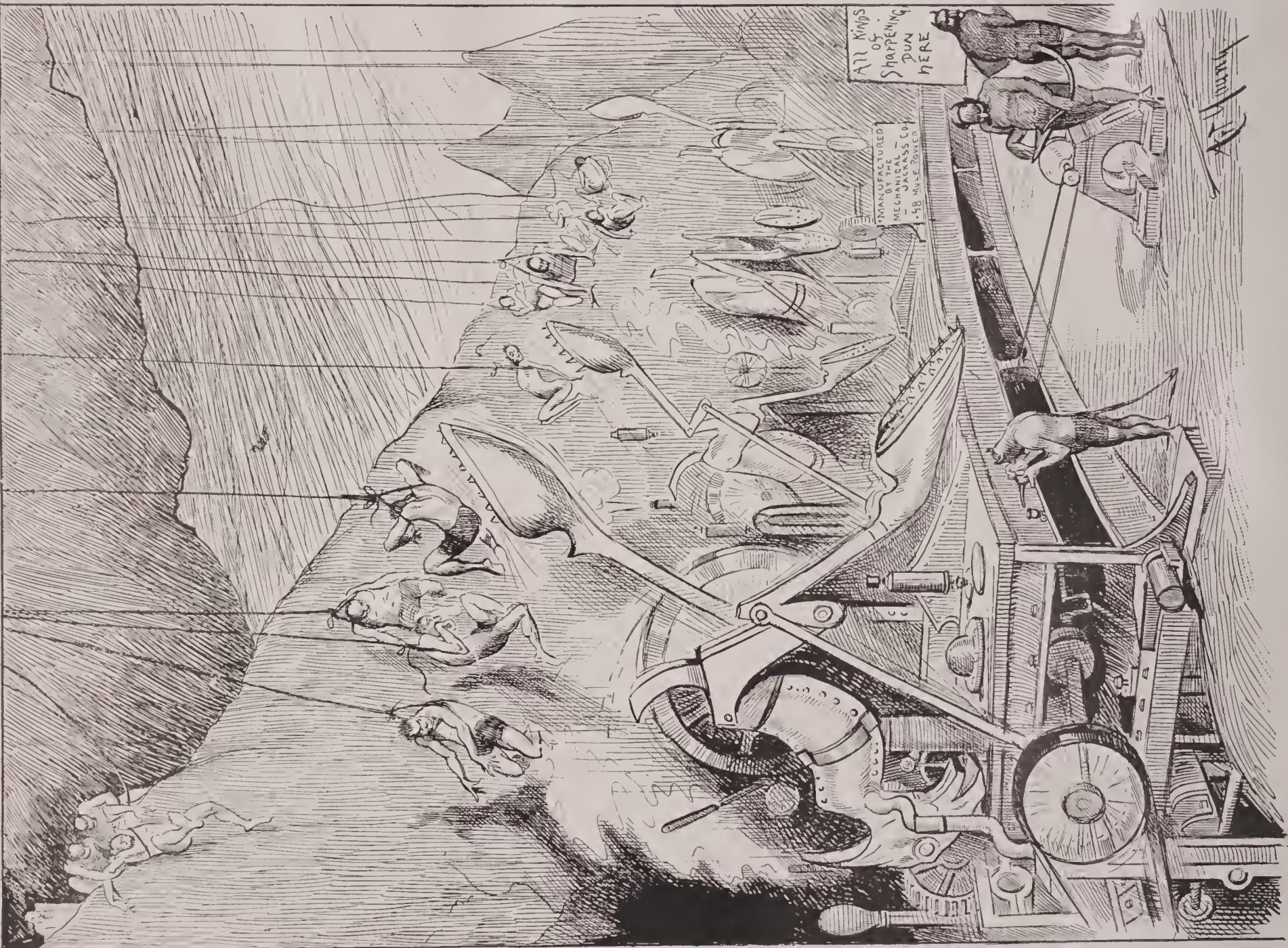
The Chronic Kickers.

While reading, by the light of a natural-gas well, the eoneise little "Tourist's Guide" given me by Mr. Satan, I became aware of a constant, muffled rumbling, as of some ponderous machinery. At regularly recurrent intervals the rumbling was broken by a loud swat, which sounded like a man spanking a large cheese with a scoop-shovel.

Walking over in the direction of the sound, I found myself in the department where the "Chronic Kickers" reap the bitter reward of their pessimistic lives. The mechanical kicking-machines used here are perhaps the most ingenious labor-saving devices in Hades. Each machine is so constructed that it resembles a huge mule; eighty-two of these mules constitute one large machine. Each mule is capable of getting in seventy-six kicks per minute; and the entire force at work has a capacity of 6,232 kicks every sixty seconds.

It was an impressive sight. The "Chronic Kickers" were swinging off a high precipice and allowed to hang down just far enough to get the brunt of the mules' heels as they swung up. At a distance, it looked not unlike a new kind of tennis game.

THE CHRONIC KICKERS.



HADES UP TO DATE

In the later stages of my weird journey I had begun to grow awearry of darkness. Now I pined for the light of the upper world.

A big, brawny demon with a forked tail and a noisy respiration, like the sniffle of a captive boar, stood in the path as I shambled toward the elevator. I passed behind him, hoping I would not be seen. As a windmill's wheels veer at a sudden gust of air, he turned and swooped upon me. I cowered in the darkness of the rock, but he caught me quite easily.

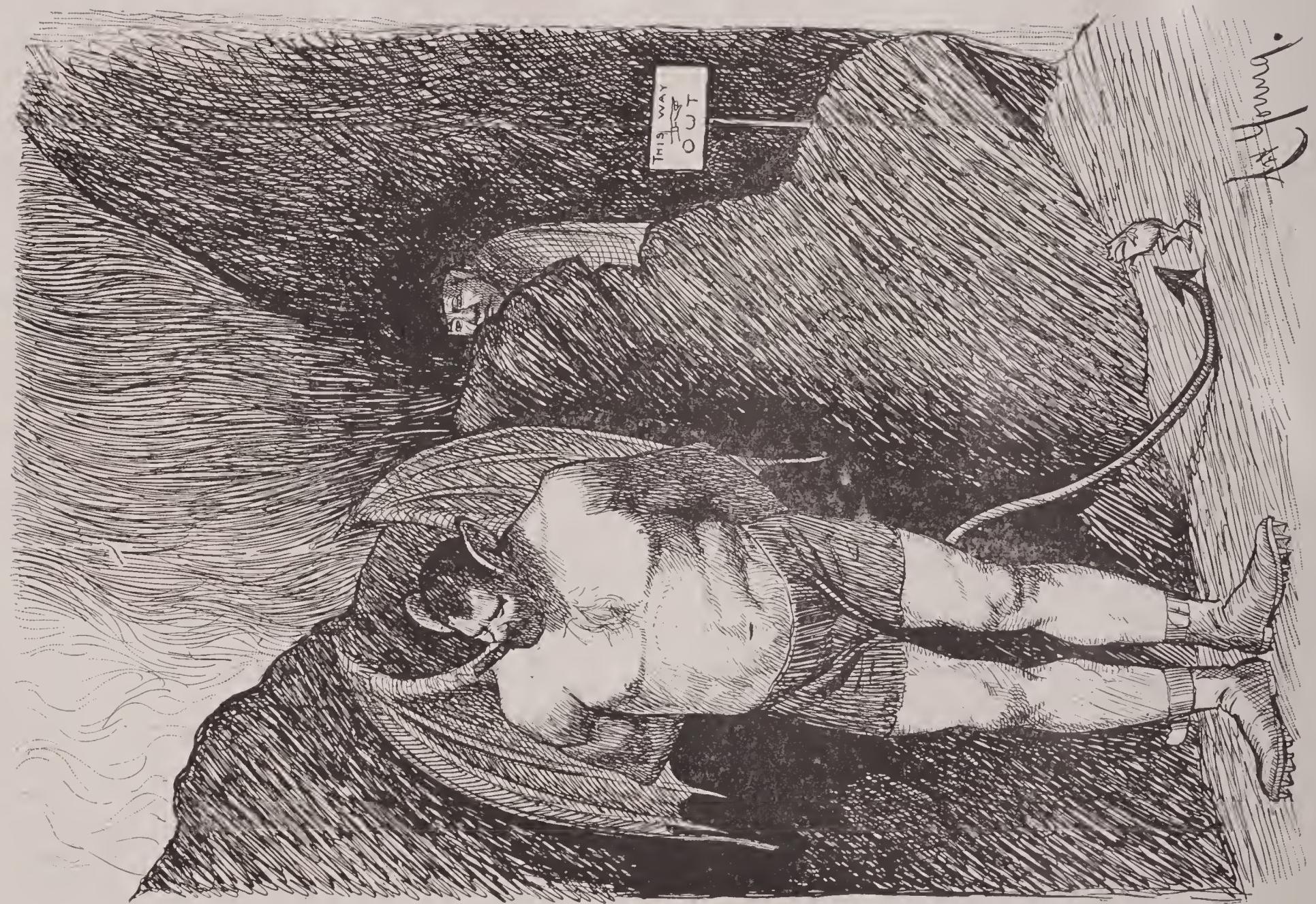
.

A strong hand clutched my coat collar. There was a convulsive jerk, a sound of hissing air-brakes and a general commotion around me.

“Get off!” I screamed, and then a terrific shake unsettled the lethargy, and, opening my eyes, I saw the conductor standing over me.

“All out for Chicago!”

“Chicago!” said I. “Great Sardanapalus! I thought this was II—I.”



ONE OF MR. SATAN'S BOUNCERS.





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